

**A BOOK OF VICTORIAN
POETRY AND PROSE**

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A BOOK OF VICTORIAN POETRY AND PROSE

COMPILED BY

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Author of Outlines of Victorian Literature

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PREFACE

A Book of Victorian Poetry and Prose has been compiled in order, in the first place, to illustrate the criticisms offered upon this period, in the *Outlines of Victorian Literature*, and, in the second place, to entice readers who are not familiar with modern English literature to make themselves better acquainted with its treasures. The extracts are therefore such as have been deemed best fitted to serve these ends, and not necessarily those which are best in themselves. In the case of the systematic thinkers, especially, many of the greatest passages are beyond the grasp of an untrained mind. To the novelists less space has been given than might seem their due, because the story is the form of literature least likely to be neglected. On the other hand certain minor writers have, so far as space would allow, been liberally treated, for, while it is easy to gain acquaintance with the great writers, the minor ones are in many cases less easily accessible.

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JANIE WALKER

July, 1915

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I SYSTEMATIC THINKERS

HAPPINESS

“Man’s Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness, it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two for the Shoeblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach, and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less *God’s infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus speak not of them, to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles, that it might have been of better vintage Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a black spot in our sunshine it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*

“But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot, this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither

THOMAS CARLYLE

thanks nor complaint, only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness, any *deficit* again is Misery Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry See there, what a payment, was ever worthy gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity, of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp

“So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator* Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity* Make thy claim of wages a zero, then, thou hast the world under thy feet Well did the Wisest of our time write ‘It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin’

“I asked myself What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*, open thy *Goethe*”

“*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!” cries he elsewhere “there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness;

he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught, O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these, thankfully bear what yet remain thou hadst need of them, the Self in thee needed to be annihilated By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity Love not Pleasure, love God This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him "

And again "Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee, for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*'? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures nevertheless, venture forward, in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning "

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character, unsuited to the general apprehension, nay wherein he himself does not see his way Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour, on the "perennial

continuance of Inspiration"; on Prophecy; that there are "true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day" with more of the like sort We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago

"Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire," thus apostrophises the Professor "shut thy sweet voice, for the task appointed thee seems finished Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise That the Mythos of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythos, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and—thyself away

"Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythoses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me, or dispute into me? To the '*Worship of Sorrow*' ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated, is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief, all else is Opinion,—for which latter whoso will, let him worry and be worried "

"Neither," observes he elsewhere, "shall ye tear-out one another's eyes, struggling over '*Plenary Inspiration*,' and such-like. try rather to get a little even *Partial Inspiration*, each of you for himself One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible, nay with my own eyes I saw the God's-Hand writing it thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves,—say, in *Picture-Writing* to assist the weaker faculty."

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage

"To me, in this our life," says the Professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: 'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share' which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not, nay I will fight thee rather!—Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a 'feast' of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one Appetite, and the collective human species clutching at them!—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: 'Take it, thou too-ravenous individual, take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest, take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I had enough for thee!'—If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, 'to a certain extent, Applied Christianity,' surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

"But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart,

which to me was of invaluable service: '*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer

"May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open, and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your 'America is here or nowhere'? The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!

"But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature the beginning of Creation is—Light Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing, even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath, and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

Whatever the calls may be which the poverty of a human being may have on the compassion of his fellows, it has no claim whatever upon their justice. The confusion of these two virtues in the ethical system will tend to actual confusion and disorder where introduced into the laws and administration of human society. The proper remedy, or remedy of nature, for the wretchedness of the few is the kindness of the many. But when the heterogeneous imagination of a right is introduced into this department of human affairs, and the imagination is sanctioned by the laws of the country, then one of two things must follow—either an indefinite encroachment on property so as ultimately to reduce to a sort of agrarian level all the families of the land, or, if to postpone this consequence a rigid dispensation be adopted, the disappointment of a people who have been taught to feel themselves aggrieved, the innumerable heart-burnings which law itself has conjured up, and no administration of that law, however skilful, can appease.

If the many thousand applicants for public charity in England really do have a right to the relief of their wants, why should not that right, as a right, be fully and openly and cheerfully conceded to them? Why should they be scared away from the assertion of this right by any circumstances of hardship or degeneration or violence to the affections of nature being associated therewith? Should the avenue to justice be obstructed and that too by the very pains and penalties which are laid on those who trample justice under foot? Yet every approximation of an almshouse to a jail, of a house of charity to a house of correction, but exemplifies this grievous paralogism, nor can we wonder, when the rulers of England have led its people so grievously astray, that elements of conflict are now afloat which destroy the well-being and even threaten the stability of society.

It is playing fast and loose with a people, first to make a declaration of their right, and then to plant obstacles

in the way of their making it good. There is an utter incongruity here of the practice with the principle which betrays a secret misgiving as if the principle was not felt to be a sound one. The truth is, that it is such a principle as will not bear to be fully and consistently acted upon. The economy of a legal provision for the poor can only be upheld in a country by a compensation of errors, an expedient which might do in mathematics, but which can never be made to do prosperously or well in the management of human nature.

CHALMERS, Preface to *Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*

ON THE WAY TO ROME

While I was fighting in Oxford for the Anglican Church, then indeed I was very glad to make converts, and, though I never broke away from that rule of my mind, (as I may call it,) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet, that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt, this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. Then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceedings and my utmost endeavour was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and, as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843, but, at that date, as soon as I turned my face Rome-ward, I gave up, as far as ever was possible, the thought of in any respect and in any shape acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position, even to say a word to them one way or the other? How

could I presume to unsettle them, as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And, if they were unsettled already, how could I point to then a place of refuge, when I was not sure that I should choose it for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words, 'Je mourrai seul' I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions, I did not answer them, presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them, and, if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But, what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out, who in consequence were distressed, that, in so solemn a matter, they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second, and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did not understand that I was as perplexed as they were, and, being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, were made ill by the suspense. And they too of course for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. There was a gifted and deeply earnest lady, who in a parabolical account of that time, has described both my conduct as she felt it, and her own feelings upon it. In a singularly graphic, amusing vision of pilgrims, who were making their way across a bleak common in great discomfort, and who were ever warned against, yet continually nearing, 'the king's high way' on the right, she says, 'All my fears and disquiet

were speedily renewed by seeing the most daring of our leaders, (the same who had first forced his way through the palisade, and in whose courage and sagacity we all put implicit trust,) suddenly stop short, and declare that he would go on no further. He did not, however, take the leap at once, but quietly sat down on the top of the fence with his feet hanging towards the road, as if he meant to take his time about it, and let himself down easily. I do not wonder at all that I thus seemed so unkind to a lady, who at that time had never seen me. We were both in trial in our different ways. I am far from denying that I was acting selfishly both in her case and in that of others, but it was a religious selfishness. Certainly to myself my own duty seemed clear. They that are whole can heal others, but in my case it was, 'Physician, heal thyself.' My own soul was my first concern, and it seemed an absurdity to my reason to be converted in partnership. I wished to go to my Lord by myself, and in my own way, or rather His way. I had neither wish, nor, I may say, thought of taking a number with me. Moreover, it is but the truth to say, that it had ever been an annoyance to me to seem to be the head of a party, and that even from fastidiousness of mind, I could not bear to find a thing done elsewhere, simply or mainly because I did it myself, and that, from distrust of myself, I shrank from the thought, whenever it was brought home to me, that I was influencing others.

NEWMAN, *Apologia pro Vita sua*.

MUSIC

Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified. I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen; yet what

a slender outfit for so vast an experience! what science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then perhaps we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words, yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or of a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance, yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes?

Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound, they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of Angels, or the magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

NEWMAN, *Oxford University Sermons.*

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying —To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me, for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said. I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is, since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito, and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared. If not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved, do not hasten then—there is still time.

Socrates said. Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing this, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay, but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my

own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already gone. Please then do as I say, and do not refuse me

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, 'You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed.' The man answered, 'You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act.' At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said, 'What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?' The man answered, 'We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough.' I understand, he said, but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer. Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast, so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed, and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness. What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed,

and refrained our tears, and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No, and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius, will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito, is there anything else? There was no answer to this question, but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him, his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

JOWETT, *The Dialogues of Plato, Phædo*

ARNOLD AT RUGBY

Perhaps the liveliest representation of Arnold's general spirit, as distinguished from its exemplification in particular parts of the discipline and instruction, would be formed by recalling his manner, as he appeared in the great school, where the boys used to meet when the whole school was assembled collectively, and not in its different forms or classes. Then, whether on his usual entrance every morning to prayers before the first lesson, or on the more special emergencies which might require his presence, he seemed to stand before them, not merely as the head-master, but as the

representative of the school. There he spoke to them as members together with himself of the same great institution, whose character and reputation they had to sustain as well as he. He would dwell on the satisfaction he had in being head of a society, where noble and honourable feelings were encouraged, or on the disgrace which he felt in hearing of acts of disorder or violence, such as in the humbler ranks of life would render them amenable to the laws of their country, or again, on the trust which he placed in their honour as gentlemen, and the baseness of any instance in which it was abused. 'Is this a Christian school?' he indignantly asked at the end of one of those addresses, in which he had spoken of an extensive display of bad feeling amongst the boys, and then added,—'I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force, if I am to be here as a gaoler, I will resign my office at once.' And few scenes can be recorded more characteristic of him than on one of these occasions, when, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys, and when, in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood in his place before the assembled school, and said, 'It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys, but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.'

STANLEY, *The Life of Arnold*

THE CONVERT TO A NEW FAITH

The change of religion when it comes on a man gradually, —when it is not welcomed from the first, but, on the contrary, long resisted, must always be a mysterious and perplexing process, hard to realise and follow by the person most deeply interested, veiled and clouded to lookers-on, because naturally belonging to the deepest depths of the human conscience, and

inevitably, and without much fault on either side, liable to be misinterpreted and misunderstood. And this process is all the more tangled when it goes on, not in an individual mind, travelling in its own way on its own path, little affected by others, and little affecting them, but in a representative person, with the responsibilities of a great cause upon him, bound by the closest ties of every kind, to friends, colleagues, and disciples, thinking, feeling, leading, pointing out the way for hundreds who love and depend on him. Views and feelings vary from day to day, according to the events and conditions of the day. How shall he speak, and how shall he be silent? How shall he let doubts and difficulties appear, yet how shall he suppress them?—Doubts which may grow and become hopeless, but which, on the other hand, may be solved and disappear. How shall he go on as if nothing had happened, when all the foundations of the world seem to have sunk from under him? Yet how shall he disclose the dreadful secret, when he is not yet quite sure whether his mind will not still rally from its terror and despair? He must in honesty, in kindness, give some warning, yet how much? and how to prevent it being taken for more than it means? There are counter-considerations, to which he cannot shut his eyes. There are friends who will not believe his warnings. There are watchful enemies who are on the look-out for proofs of disingenuousness and bad faith. He could cut through his difficulties at once by making the plunge in obedience to this or that plausible sign of reasoning, but his conscience and good faith will not let him take things so easily, and yet he knows that if he hangs on, he will be accused by and by, perhaps speciously, of having been dishonest and deceiving. So subtle, so shifting, so impalpable are the steps by which a faith is disintegrated, so evanescent, and impossible to follow, the shades by which one set of convictions pass into others wholly opposite; for it is not knowledge and intellect alone which come into play, but all

the moral tastes and habits of the character, its likings and dislikings, its weakness and its strength, its triumphs and its vexations, its keenness and its insensibilities, which are in full action, while the intellect alone seems to be busy with its problems

CHURCH, *The Oxford Movement*

CONTEST NOT CONQUEST

What is true of science is true indeed of all human activity 'In life,' as the great Pascal observes, 'we always believe that we are seeking repose, while, in reality, all that we ever seek is agitation' When Pyrrhus proposed to subdue a part of the world, and then to enjoy rest among his friends, he believed that what he sought was possession, not pursuit, and Alexander assuredly did not foresee that the conquest of one world would only leave him to weep for another world to conquer It is even the contest that pleases us, and not the victory Thus it is in play, thus it is in hunting, thus it is in the search of truth, thus it is in life The past does not interest, the present does not satisfy, the future alone is the object which engages us

[*'Nullo votorum fine beati*

Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam']

'Man never is, but always to be blest'

The question, I said, has never been regularly discussed,—probably because it lay in too narrow a compass, but no philosopher appears to have ever seriously proposed it to himself, who did not resolve it in contradiction to the ordinary opinion. A contradiction of this opinion is even involved in the very term Philosophy, and the man who first declared that he was not a σοφός, or possessor, but a φιλόσοφος, or seeker of truth, at once enounced the true end of human speculation,

and embodied it in a significant name. Under the same conviction Plato defines man 'the hunter of truth,' for science is a chase, and in a chase the pursuit is always of greater value than the game

'Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height,
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight'

HAMILTON, *Lectures on Metaphysics*

THE YOKE OF POSITION

In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves—what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke—even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of, they like in crowds, they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved: they become incapable

of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

MILL, *Liberty*.

HAPPINESS AND UNHAPPINESS

When, however, it is thus positively asserted to be impossible that human life should be happy, the assertion, if not something like a verbal quibble, is at least an exaggeration. If by happiness be meant a continuity of highly pleasurable excitement, it is evident enough that this is impossible. A state of exalted pleasure lasts only moments, or in some cases, and with some intermissions, hours or days, and is the occasional brilliant flash of enjoyment, not its permanent and steady flame. Of this the philosophers who have taught that happiness is the end of life were as fully aware as those who taunt them. The happiness which they meant was not a life of rapture, but moments of such, in an existence made up of few and transitory pains, many and various pleasures, with a decided predominance of the active over the passive, and having as the foundation of the whole, not to expect more from life than it is capable of bestowing. A life thus composed, to those who have been fortunate enough to obtain it, has always appeared worthy of the name of happiness. And such an existence is even now the lot of many, during some considerable portion of their lives. The present wretched education, and wretched social arrangements, are the only real hindrance to its being attainable by almost all.

The objectors perhaps may doubt whether human beings, if taught to consider happiness as the end of life, would be satisfied with such a moderate share of it. But great numbers of mankind have been satisfied with much less.

The main constituents of a satisfied life appear to be two, either of which by itself is often found sufficient for the purpose. tranquillity, and excitement. With much tranquillity, many find that they can be content with very little pleasure. with much excitement, many can reconcile themselves to a considerable quantity of pain. There is assuredly no inherent impossibility in enabling even the mass of mankind to unite both, since the two are so far from being incompatible that they are in natural alliance, the prolongation of either being a preparation for, and exciting a wish for, the other. It is only those in whom indolence amounts to a vice, that do not desire excitement after an interval of repose, it is only those in whom the need of excitement is a disease, that feel the tranquillity which follows excitement dull and insipid, instead of pleasurable in direct proportion to the excitement which preceded it. When people who are tolerably fortunate in their outward lot do not find in life sufficient enjoyment to make it valuable to them, the cause generally is, caring for nobody but themselves. To those who have neither public nor private affections, the excitements of life are much curtailed, and in any case dwindle in value as the time approaches when all selfish interests must be terminated by death. while those who leave after them objects of personal affection, and especially those who have also cultivated a fellow-feeling with the collective interests of mankind, retain as lively an interest in life on the eve of death as in the vigour of youth and health. Next to selfishness, the principal cause which makes life unsatisfactory, is want of mental cultivation. A cultivated mind—I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught, in any tolerable degree, to exercise its faculties—finds sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of nature, the achievements of art, the imaginations of poetry, the incidents of history, the ways of

mankind, past and present, and their prospects in the future. It is possible, indeed, to become indifferent to all this, and that too without having exhausted a thousandth part of it, but only when one has had from the beginning no moral or human interest in these things, and has sought in them only the gratification of curiosity.

MILL, *Utilitarianism*

LAZINESS

We come, then, to the question of laziness, meaning by laziness a disposition to work clearly less than is good for one's self and others. There can be no doubt that the luxurious tend as a class to be lazy, the possession of the means of sensual enjoyment without labour disposes average men, if not to absolute inertia, at any rate to short working hours and long holidays. On the other hand, if luxury makes men lazy, the prospect of luxury makes them work, and if we balance the two effects on motive, I think there can be no doubt that, other things remaining the same, a society from which luxury was effectually excluded would be lazier than a society that admitted it. If it be said that the desire of luxury is a low motive, I might answer in the manner in which one of the wisest of English moralists—Butler—speaks of resentment. I should say that 'it were much to be wished that men would act on a better principle', but that if you could suppress the desire of luxury without altering human nature in other respects, you would probably do harm, because you would diminish the general happiness by increasing laziness.

This argument is, I think, decisive from a political point of view, as a defence of a social order that allows great inequalities in the distribution of wealth for consumption. But when I hear it urged as conclusive from an ethical point of view, I am reminded of Lord Melbourne's answer to a

friend whom he consulted, when premier, as to the bestowal of a vacant garter. His friend said, 'Why not take it yourself? no one has a better claim.' 'Well, but,' said Lord Melbourne, 'I don't see what I am to gain by bribing myself.' The answer is cynical in expression, but it contains a lesson for some who profess a higher moral standard than Lord Melbourne was in the habit of professing. For when we have decided that the toleration of luxury as a social fact is indispensable to the full development of human energy, the ethical question still remains for each individual, whether it is indispensable for him, whether, in order to get himself to do his duty, he requires to bribe himself by a larger share of consumable wealth than falls to the common lot. And if one answers the question in the affirmative, one must admit one's self to belong to the class of persons characterized by George Eliot as 'people whose high ideals are not required to account for their actions.'

SIDGWICK, *Practical Ethics*

PLEASURE AND PAIN

Man has a capacity for pleasure and pain. This is an all-important part of his nature, of which we can give no account, because it is incomprehensible. How he feels pleasure and pain, and why one sensation or thought delights him and another makes him miserable, nobody ever knew yet, or perhaps ever will know. It is enough for us that the fact is so. Of all the solemn considerations involved in the great work of education, none is so awful as this—the right exercise and training of the sense of pleasure and pain. The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of

the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought above everything—whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any other power he has. Higher still is he who is never so happy as when he is making other people happy—when he is relieving pain, and giving pleasure to two, or three, or more people about him. Higher still is he whose chief joy it is to labour at great and eternal thoughts, in which lies bound up the happiness of a whole nation and perhaps a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in the grave. Any man who is capable of this joy and at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive of. He is also the happiest.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, *Household Education*

THE CRUSADES

The Crusades brought poetry once more into the daily affairs of life, removed it from the exclusive hands of the clergy, and from the exclusive treatment of religious subjects. They made art once more secular. The knight became a minstrel, or listened with pride to the recital of his deeds in verse. Nor was this all. His deeds, his heroism, his perils and warlike exercises suddenly became surrounded with a halo of righteousness. Hitherto his life had been without the sanction of a holy cause. He belonged to a religion of peace, and his ways were the ways of war. Hence a life of violence was frequently closed by an old age of repentance. He quitted the turmoil of the tourney and the battlefield, for

the quiet of the cloister. He forsook the vanities of this world, to prepare himself for the glories of the next. With the Crusades came a change. The battlefield was sacred, and the very 'vanities' became instruments to work out the designs of Providence. The strong arm dealt a powerful blow for the hottest of causes. Life was no more the ignoble struggle of sensualism rebuked by asceticism, it was a noble struggle for a worthy aim. This was Realism reconciled with Idealism, and poetry once more became the songs of daily life. This path, once opened, gradually became broader. A purely earthly ambition replaced the original religious motive.

LEWES, *The Life of Goethe*

THE GREAT MAN

There was never a solitary great man. We may single out one man from the crowd, and place him on a pedestal, but if we look attentively, we shall perceive others surrounding him also deserving pedestals, though none so eminent as he. Shakespeare, who lets few things escape his glance, has noted this in Julius Caesar:

'When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?'

The reason is, that whenever the confluence of circumstances calls for great energies, the energies are ready to the call. Men are equal to their destiny, and, as Schiller finely says, 'grow with the circle wherein they move,'

'Es wächst der Mensch mit seinem grosserem Kreise.'

Eminent as Goethe stood above his contemporaries, he did not stand alone, around him, on his first splendid entrance into the arena, were men, who had already fixed the fluctuating reverence of the public—Lessing, Herder, Klopstock, Wieland and lesser names.

LEWES, *The Life of Goethe*.

FRAGMENT ON IMMORTALITY

There can be no proof of the 'immortality of the soul' (in the only sense of the doctrine in which it is true), any more than there can be proof of the 'existence of God.' You can only prove the posterior by the prior, the part by the whole. But the 'immortality of the soul,' as = the eternity of thought = the being of God, is the absolute first and the absolute whole. To deny the 'immortality of the soul' in this sense is to maintain the destructibility of thought, and this is a contradiction in terms, for destruction has no meaning except in relation to thought.

As a determination of thought, everything is eternal. What are we to say, then, to the extinct races of animals, the past formations of the earth? How can that which is extinct and past be eternal? They were determinations of thought, and it was part of their essence, as such, to be stages in a process. The process is eternal, and they *as stages in it* are so too. That which has passed away is only their false appearance of being independent entities, related only to themselves, as opposed to being stages, essentially related to a before and after. In other words, relatively to our temporal consciousness, which can only present one thing to itself at a time, and therefore supposes that when A follows B, B ceases to exist, they have perished, *relatively* to the thought, which, as eternal, holds past, present, and future together, they are permanent, their very transitoriness is eternal.

The living agent, man, then, like everything else, is eternal as a determination of thought.

What then is the meaning of death? It is the transition by which the highest form of nature, *i.e.* the highest realisation of spirit, short of its realisation in itself, passes into a perfectly adequate realisation, *i.e.* a spiritual one.

He lets the world have its way ; not from the hopelessness of the sceptic or the indifference of the epicurean, but because he knows that his own way, however lamely and blindly he pursues it, is yet that to which all the world's ways converge, and that it is the way that leadeth unto eternal life

T H GREEN, *Works*, Vol III

GOETHE

In a passage already quoted, as in many others, Goethe expresses his sense of the effort which the modern requires to make in order to place and keep himself at a point of view which the Greek took up almost by instinct. And it is indeed this effort itself, and the consciousness of it, which prevents Goethe from ever being wholly Greek. Even in those of his works that are most filled with the spirit of antiquity, he is obliged to pay this tribute to the time. He is not a Greek, because, in order to reach the 'peace and purity of the antique,' he has to conquer an antagonism which for the Greek did not exist. This feeling is expressed half-humorously in his account of a conversation with Schiller, who regarded the Fall as a desirable event, because only by it could man rise above his animal innocence, while Goethe maintained that such a break in the continuity of development was a disaster. In the same spirit he sometimes spoke of the Reformation as a violent crisis which delayed the progress of civilization, and condemned the Revolutionary struggle of his own day as a disturbance to peaceful culture. 'I hate all violent overturns, because in them men lose as much as they gain. All that is violent and precipitate displeases me, because it is not conformable to nature. In politics, as in nature, the true method is to wait.' Struggle, warfare, revolution is to him the negative and the barren; and even patriotism, with its exaltation of

one nation at the expense of another, is a doubtful virtue. 'How could I take up arms without hate?' he cries. 'National hate is a particular hate, it is in a lower region that it is most energetic and ardent, but there is a height at which it vanishes, when one is, so to speak, above nationalities, and one feels the happiness and misery of a neighbouring people as his own'

This idea of all negation, controversy, and conflict as something essentially evil is embodied in his wonderful creation of Mephistopheles, the disintegrating spirit who is continually warring against life and energy, but who is tolerated by the divine power, because man is so fond of 'unconditioned peace,' and requires to be fretted and provoked into activity. Even so much toleration as this, however, is for God and not for man, who is called to 'hate the devil and him only,' to withdraw himself from all that is negative, violent, and destructive, and to devote all his life to that which is positive and productive, and who thus only can hope for a final deliverance from the base companion who is allowed in this world to haunt him

E CAIRD, *Essays on Literature*

THE PAGAN IDEA OF THE CHILD

There was a theory in ancient times, that the souls of all men come hither from a pre-existent state, where they dwelt within the shelter and near the light of God, where truth and love were as affluently poured on perception, as light and sound upon the senses here, and the sublimest thoughts of beauty, of virtue, of science, of Duty, streamed amid the spirits of that purer air, like sunbeams amid the clouds, bathing them in glory. Birth into this world was the transference of the mind from a celestial to an earthly life; its benumbing contact with material things; its retirement from the boundless and brilliant freedom of a

spiritual life, to the dark and narrow cave of a corporeal being. The further it advanced into the interior of its mortal existence, and the more skilled it became in groping along the ways of experience, the more faint grew the impression of the immortal region it had left, and the more dim were the rays of reminiscence that yet painted a divine vision on its path. Education was a process of forgetfulness; the gradual extrusion of the godlike by the human, the drowning of abstract truth in experimental knowledge, the tapering-off of sublime perceptions of the universal into mean individual sensations. When under the influence of this doctrine, Plato looked upon a child, he saw through that shell of life an intelligence fresh from God—it was a star dropped from its sphere. Still filled with dreams and memories of the invisible, half present still in its divine abode, it was a thing of sanctity to behold, for its orb of existence floated yet on the margin of the unknown world, and, though creeping on to be eclipsed by the shadow of morality, had its edge yet illumined by the past.

Childhood, in the system of Christ, presents not the wreck, but the elements, of a heavenly existence, not the ruin, but the design, of a temple not made with hands. To educate a child is an office of which no one, taking the Christian view, can think lightly. If the philosopher's doctrine had been the true one, and the soul had been like a bird fallen from the skies,—its plumage soiled in the dust, and its forces drooping in our heavier air,—it would seem a cruel office to stimulate it to ascend again, by convul efforts, to an element native, but natural no more. But, as truth really stands, we have not to provoke a strength jaded and expiring, but to aid and develope one that is half formed; ourselves to bear it awhile into the heights 'as upon eagles' wings', and then launch it from the precipice alone, to sweep down the gale, and soar into the light it loves.

JAMES MARTINEAU, *The Bible and the Child*.

THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER

The invention of gunpowder, though a warlike contrivance, has in its results been eminently serviceable to the interests of peace. This important invention is said to have been made in the thirteenth century, but was not in common use until the fourteenth, or even the beginning of the fifteenth century. Scarcely had it come into operation, when it worked a great change in the whole scheme and practice of war. Before this time, it was considered the duty of nearly every citizen to be prepared to enter the military service, for the purpose either of defending his own country, or of attacking others. Standing armies were entirely unknown, and in their place there existed a rude and barbarous militia, always ready for battle, and always unwilling to engage in those peaceful pursuits which were then universally despised. Nearly every man being a soldier, the military profession, as such, had no separate existence, or, to speak more properly, the whole of Europe composed one great army, in which all other professions were merged. To this the only exception was the ecclesiastical profession, but even that was affected by the general tendency, and it was not at all uncommon to see large bodies of troops led to the field by bishops and abbots, to most of whom the arts of war were in those days perfectly familiar. At all events, between these two professions men were necessarily divided: the only avocations were war and theology, and if you refused to enter the church, you were bound to serve in the army. As a natural consequence, everything of real importance was altogether neglected. There were, indeed, many priests and many warriors, many sermons and many battles. But on the other hand, there was neither trade, nor commerce, nor manufactures, there was no science, no literature: the useful arts were entirely unknown; and even the highest

ranks of society were unacquainted, not only with the most ordinary comforts, but with the commonest decencies of civilized life

BUCKLE, *Civilization in England*

POLITICAL PARTIES

Party has many strong affinities with religion. Its devotees, like those of a religious creed, are apt to substitute the fiction that they have adopted it upon mature deliberation for the fact that they were born into it or stumbled into it. But they are in the highest degree reluctant to come to an open breach with it, they count it shame to speak of its weak points, except to co-religionists, and, whenever it is in serious difficulty, they return to its assistance or rescue. Their relation to those outside the pale—the relation of Whig to Tory, of Conservative to Liberal—is on the whole exceedingly like that of Jew to Samaritan. But the closest resemblances are between party discipline and military discipline, and indeed, historically speaking, Party is probably nothing more than a survival and a consequence of the primitive combativeness of mankind. It is war without the city, transmuted into war within the city, but mitigated in the process. The best historical justification which can be offered for it is that it has often enabled portions of the nation, who would otherwise be armed enemies, to be only factions. Party strife, like strife in arms, develops many high but imperfect and one-sided virtues, it is fruitful of self-denial and self-sacrifice. But wherever it prevails, a great part of ordinary morality is unquestionably suspended, a number of maxims are received, which are not those of religion or ethics, and men do acts which, except as between enemies, and except as between political opponents, would be very generally classed as either immoralities or sins.

HENRY SUMNER MAINE, *Popular Government*.

MATTER-OF-FACTNESS

New countries are arising all over the world where there are no fixed sources of reverence, which have to make them, which have to create institutions which must generate loyalty by conspicuous utility. This matter-of-factness is the growth even in Europe of the two greatest and newest intellectual agencies of our time. One of these is business. We see so much of the material fruits of commerce, that we forget its mental fruits. It begets a mind desirous of things, careless of ideas, not acquainted with the niceties of words. In all labour there should be profit, is its motto. It is not only true that we have 'left swords for ledgers,' but war itself is made as much by the ledger as by the sword. The soldier—that is, the great soldier—of to-day is not a romantic animal, dashing at forlorn hopes, animated by frantic sentiment, full of fancies as to a lady-love or a sovereign, but a quiet, grave man, busied in charts, exact in sums, master of the art of tactics, occupied in trivial detail, thinking, as the Duke of Wellington was said to do, *most* of the shoes of his soldiers, despising all manner of *éclat* and eloquence, perhaps, like Count Moltke, 'silent in seven languages.' We have reached a 'climate' of opinion where figures rule, where our very supporter of Divine right, as we deemed him, our Count Bismarck, amputates kings right and left, applies the test of results to each, and lets none live who are not to do something. There has in truth been a great change during the last five hundred years in the predominant occupations of the ruling part of mankind, formerly they passed their time either in exciting action or inanimate repose. A feudal baron had nothing between war and the chase—keenly animating things both—and what was called 'inglorious ease.' Modern life is scanty in excitements, but incessant in quiet action. Its perpetual commerce is creating

a 'stock-taking' habit—the habit of asking each man, thing, and institution, 'Well, what have you done since I saw you last?'

BAGEHOT, *The English Constitution*

THE HOME-KEEPING GEOLOGIST

Although the natural modesty of Werner's disposition was excessive, approaching even to timidity, he indulged in the most bold and sweeping generalisations, and he inspired all his scholars with a most implicit faith in his doctrines. Their admiration of his genius, and the feelings of gratitude and friendship which they all felt for him, were not undeserved, but the supreme authority usurped by him over the opinions of his contemporaries was eventually prejudicial to the progress of the science, so much so, as greatly to counterbalance the advantages which it derived from his exertions. If it be true that delivery be the first, second, and third requisite in a popular orator, it is no less certain, that to travel is of first, second, and third importance to those who desire to originate just and comprehensive views concerning the structure of our globe. Now Werner had not travelled to distant countries, he had merely explored a small portion of Germany, and conceived and persuaded others to believe that the whole surface of our planet, and all the mountain chains in the world, were made after the model of his own province. It became a ruling object of ambition in the minds of his pupils to confirm the generalisations of their great master, and to discover in the most distant parts of the globe his 'universal formations,' which he supposed had been each in succession simultaneously precipitated over the whole earth from a common menstruum, or 'chaotic fluid.' It now appears that the Saxon professor had misinterpreted many of the most important appearances even in the immediate neighbourhood of Freyberg. Thus,

for example, within a day's journey of his school, the porphyry, called by him primitive, has been found not only to send forth veins or dikes through strata of the coal formation, but to overlie them in mass. The granite of the Hartz mountains, on the other hand, which he supposed to be the nucleus of the chain, is now well known to traverse the other beds, as near Goslar, and still nearer Freyberg, in the Erzgebirge, the mica slate does not mantle round the granite as was supposed, but abuts abruptly against it.

LYELL, *Principles of Geology*

THE QUARRY BOY

It was twenty years last February since I set out, a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake, and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced, in his 'Twa Dogs,' as one of the most disagreeable of all employments,—to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories, and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other.

It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother-workmen, and, simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots. The fragments flew in every direction, and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer

haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks, but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted, by a rare transmutation, into the delicious 'blink of rest' which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother-workmen

MILLER, *The Old Red Sandstone*

DECORATION PRECEDES DRESS

It has been truly remarked that, in order of time, decoration precedes dress. Among people who submit to great physical suffering that they may have themselves handsomely tattooed, extremes of temperature are borne with but little attempt at mitigation Humboldt tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labour for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired, and that the same woman who would not hesitate to leave her hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted Voyagers find that coloured beads and trinkets are much more prized by wild tribes than are calicoes or broadcloths And the anecdotes we have of the ways in which, when shirts and coats are given, savages turn them to some ludicrous display, show how completely the idea of ornament predominates

over that of use. Nay, there are still more extreme illustrations: witness the fact narrated by Capt Speke of his African attendants, who strutted about in their goat-skin mantles when the weather was fine, but when it was wet, took them off, folded them up, and went about naked, shivering in the rain! Indeed, the facts of aboriginal life seem to indicate that dress is developed out of decorations. And when we remember that even among ourselves most think more about the fineness of the fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience—when we see that the function is still in great measure subordinated to the appearance—we have further reason for inferring such an origin

It is curious that the like relations hold with the mind. Among mental as among bodily acquisitions, the ornamental comes before the useful. Not only in times past, but almost as much in our own era, that knowledge which conduces to personal well-being has been postponed to that which brings applause. In the Greek schools, music, poetry, rhetoric, and a philosophy which, until Socrates taught, had but little bearing upon action, were the dominant subjects, while knowledge aiding the arts of life had a very subordinate place. And in our own universities and schools at the present moment, the like antithesis holds. We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after-career, a boy, in nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purposes. The remark is trite that in his shop, or his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little, that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory, and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light on the topic in hand than for the sake of effect

SPENCER, *Education*.

THE WORK OF WORMS

Archaeologists ought to be grateful to worms, as they protect and preserve for an indefinitely long period every object, not liable to decay, which is dropped on the surface of the land, by burying it beneath their castings. Thus, also, many elegant and curious tessellated pavements and other ancient remains have been preserved, though no doubt the worms have in these cases been largely aided by earth washed and blown from the adjoining land, especially when cultivated. The old tessellated pavements have, however, often suffered by having subsided unequally from being unequally undermined by the worms. Even old massive walls may be undermined and subside, and no building is in this respect safe, unless the foundations lie 6 or 7 feet beneath the surface, at a depth at which worms cannot work. It is probable that many monoliths and some old walls have fallen down from having been undermined by worms.

Worms prepare the ground in an excellent manner for the growth of fibrous-rooted plants and for seedlings of all kinds. They periodically expose the mould to the air, and sift it so that no stones larger than the particles which they can swallow are left in it. They mingle the whole intimately together, like a gardener who prepares fine soil for his choicest plants. In this state it is well fitted to retain moisture and to absorb all soluble substances, as well as for the process of nitrification. The bones of dead animals, the harder parts of insects, the shells of land-molluscs, leaves, twigs, etc., are before long all buried beneath the accumulated castings of worms, and are thus brought in a more or less decayed state within reach of the roots of plants. Worms likewise drag an infinite number of dead leaves and other parts of plants into their burrows, partly for the sake of plugging them up and partly as food.

The leaves which are dragged into the burrows as food, after being torn into the finest shreds, partially digested, and saturated with the intestinal and urinary secretions, are commingled with much earth. This earth forms the dark coloured, rich humus which almost everywhere covers the surface of the land with a fairly well-defined layer or mantle. Von Hensen placed two worms in a vessel 18 inches in diameter, which was filled with sand, on which fallen leaves were strewed, and these were soon dragged into their burrows to a depth of 3 inches. After about 6 weeks an almost uniform layer of sand, a centimeter (4 inch) in thickness, was converted into humus by having passed through the alimentary canals of these two worms. It is believed by some persons that worm-burrows, which often penetrate the ground almost perpendicularly to a depth of 5 or 6 feet, materially aid in its drainage, notwithstanding that the viscid castings piled over the mouths of the burrows prevent or check the rain-water directly entering them. They allow the air to penetrate deeply into the ground. They also greatly facilitate the downward passage of roots of moderate size, and these will be nourished by the humus with which the burrows are lined. Many seeds owe their germination to having been covered by castings, and others buried to a considerable depth beneath accumulated castings lie dormant, until at some future time they are accidentally uncovered and germinate.

Worms are poorly provided with sense-organs, for they cannot be said to see, although they can just distinguish between light and darkness, they are completely deaf, and have only a feeble power of smell, the sense of touch alone is well developed. They can therefore learn little about the outside world, and it is surprising that they should exhibit some skill in lining their burrows with their castings and with leaves, and in the case of some species

in piling up their castings into tower-like constructions. But it is far more surprising that they should apparently exhibit some degree of intelligence instead of a mere blind instinctive impulse, in their manner of plugging up the mouths of their burrows. They act in nearly the same manner as would a man, who had to close a cylindrical tube with different kinds of leaves, petioles, triangles of paper, etc., for they commonly seize such objects by their pointed ends. But with thin objects a certain number are drawn in by their broader ends. They do not act in the same unvarying manner in all cases, as do most of the lower animals, for instance, they do not drag in leaves by their foot-stalks, unless the basal part of the blade is as narrow as the apex, or narrower than it.

DARWIN, *Vegetable Mould and Earth-worms*

SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF BEAUTY

With respect to the belief that organic beings have been created beautiful for the delight of man,—a belief which it has been pronounced is subversive of my whole theory,—I may first remark that the sense of beauty obviously depends on the nature of the mind, irrespective of any real quality in the admired object, and that the idea of what is beautiful, is not innate or unalterable. We see this, for instance, in the men of different races admiring an entirely different standard of beauty in their women. If beautiful objects had been created solely for man's gratification, it ought to be shown that before man appeared, there was less beauty on the face of the earth than since he came on the stage. Were the beautiful volute and cone shells of the Eocene epoch, and the gracefully sculptured ammonites of the Secondary period, created that man might ages afterwards admire them in his cabinet? Few objects are more beautiful than the minute siliceous cases

of the diatomaceae were these created that they might be examined and admired under the higher powers of the microscope? The beauty in this latter case, and in many others, is apparently wholly due to symmetry of growth. Flowers rank amongst the most beautiful productions of nature, but they have been rendered conspicuous in contrast with the green leaves, and in consequence at the same time beautiful, so that they may be easily observed by insects. I have come to this conclusion from finding it an invariable rule that when a flower is fertilised by the wind it never has a gaily-coloured corolla. Several plants habitually produce two kinds of flowers, one kind open and coloured so as to attract insects, the other closed, not coloured, destitute of nectar, and never visited by insects. Hence we may conclude that, if insects had not been developed on the face of the earth, our plants would not have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such poor flowers as we see on our fir, oak, nut and ash trees, on grasses, spinach, docks, and nettles, which are all fertilised through the agency of the wind. A similar line of argument holds good with fruits, that a ripe strawberry or cherry is as pleasing to the eye as to the palate,—that the gaily-coloured fruit of the spindle-wood tree and the scarlet berries of the holly are beautiful objects,—will be admitted by every one. But this beauty serves merely as a guide to birds and beasts, in order that the fruit may be devoured and the manured seeds disseminated. I infer that this is the case from having as yet found no exception to the rule that seeds are always thus disseminated when embedded within a fruit of any kind (that is within a fleshy or pulpy envelope), if it be coloured of any brilliant tint, or rendered conspicuous by being white or black.

On the other hand, I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently coloured

butterflies, have been rendered beautiful for beauty's sake, but this has been effected through sexual selection, that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, and not for the delight of man. So it is with the music of birds. We may infer from all this that a nearly similar taste for beautiful colours and for musical sounds runs through a large part of the animal kingdom. When the female is as beautifully coloured as the male, which is not rarely the case with birds and butterflies, the cause apparently lies in the colours acquired through sexual selection having been transmitted to both sexes, instead of to the males alone. How the sense of beauty in its simplest form—that is, the reception of a peculiar kind of pleasure from certain colours, forms, and sounds—was first developed in the mind of man and of the lower animals, is a very obscure subject. The same sort of difficulty is presented, if we enquire how it is that certain flavours and odours give pleasure, and others displeasure. Habit in all these cases appears to have come to a certain extent into play, but there must be some fundamental cause in the constitution of the nervous system in each species.

DARWIN, *Origin of Species*

THE BEETLES OF MADEIRA

In some cases we might easily put down to disuse modifications of structure which are wholly, or mainly, due to natural selection. Mr Wollaston has discovered the remarkable fact that 200 beetles, out of the 550 species (but more are now known) which inhabit Madeira, are so far deficient in wings that they cannot fly, and that, of the twenty-nine endemic genera, no less than twenty-three genera have all their species in this condition. ~~Culture~~ ~~reared~~ facts,—namely, that beetles in many parts of the

are frequently blown to sea and perish, that the beetles in Madeira, as observed by Mr Wollaston, lie much concealed, until the wind lulls and the sun shines, that the proportion of wingless beetles is larger on the exposed Desertas than in Madeira itself, and especially the extraordinary fact, so strongly insisted on by Mr Wollaston, that certain large groups of beetles, elsewhere excessively numerous, which absolutely require the use of their wings, are here almost entirely absent,—these several considerations make me believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is mainly due to the action of natural selection, combined probably with disuse. For during many successive generations each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been ever so little less perfectly developed or from indolent habit, will have had the best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea, and, on the other hand, those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown to sea and thus have been destroyed.

The insects in Madeira which are not ground-feeders, and which, as the flower-feeding coleoptera and lepidoptera, must habitually use their wings to gain their subsistence, have, as Mr Wollaston suspects, their wings not at all reduced, but even enlarged. This is quite compatible with the action of natural selection. For when a new insect first arrived on the island, the tendency of natural selection to enlarge or to reduce the wings, would depend on whether a greater number of individuals were saved by successfully battling with the winds, or by giving up the attempt and rarely or never flying. As with mariners shipwrecked near a coast, it would have been better for the good swimmers if they had been able to swim still further, whereas it would have been better for the bad swimmers if they had not swum at all and had stuck to the wreck.

DARWIN, *Origin of Species*

AN IDEAL UNIVERSITY

In an ideal University, as I conceive it, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such an University, the force of living example should fire the student with a noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men, and to follow in the footsteps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge. And the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning, a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge, by so much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual, for veracity is the heart of morality.

But the man who is all morality and intellect, although he may be good and even great, is, after all, only half a man. There is beauty in the moral world and in the intellectual world, but there is also a beauty which is neither moral nor intellectual—the beauty of the world of Art. There are men who are devoid of the power of seeing it, as there are men who are born deaf and blind, and the loss of those, as of these, is simply infinite. There are others in whom it is an overpowering passion, happy men, born with the productive, or at lowest, the appreciative, genius of the Artist. But, in the mass of mankind, the *Æsthetic* faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be roused, directed, and cultivated, and I know not why the development of that side of his nature, through which man has access to a perennial spring of ennobling pleasure, should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of University education.

HUXLEY, *Science and Culture*

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THE COMING OF AGE OF THE *ORIGIN* *OF SPECIES*

Many of you will be familiar with the aspect of this small green-covered book. It is a copy of the first edition of the "*Origin of Species*," and bears the date of its production—the 1st of October 1859. Only a few months, therefore, are needed to complete the full tale of twenty-one years since its birthday.

Those whose memories carry them back to this time will remember that the infant was remarkably lively, and that a great number of excellent persons mistook its manifestations of a vigorous individuality for mere naughtiness, in fact there was a very pretty turmoil about its cradle. My recollections of the period are particularly vivid, for, having conceived a tender affection for a child of what appeared to me to be such remarkable promise, I acted for some time in the capacity of a sort of under-nurse, and thus came in for my share of the storms which threatened the very life of the young creature. For some years it was undoubtedly warm work, but considering how exceedingly unpleasant the apparition of the newcomer must have been to those who did not fall in love with him at first sight, I think it is to the credit of our age that the war was not fiercer, and that the more bitter and unscrupulous forms of opposition died away as soon as they did.

I speak of this period as of something past and gone, possessing merely an historical, I had almost said an antiquarian interest. For, during the second decade of the existence of the "*Origin of Species*," opposition, though by no means dead, assumed a different aspect. On the part of all those who had any reason to respect themselves, it assumed a thoroughly respectful character. By this time, the dullest began to perceive that the child was not

likely to perish of any congenital weakness or infantile disorder, but was growing into a stalwart personage, upon whom mere goody scoldings and threatenings with the birch-rod were quite thrown away

In fact, those who have watched the progress of science within the last ten years will bear me out to the full, when I assert that there is no field of biological inquiry in which the influence of the "Origin of Species" is not traceable, the foremost men of science in every country are either avowed champions of its leading doctrines, or at any rate abstain from opposing them, a host of young and ardent investigators seek for and find inspiration and guidance in Mr Darwin's great work, and the general doctrine of evolution, to one side of which it gives expression, obtains, in the phenomena of biology, a firm base of operations whence it may conduct its conquest of the whole realm of nature

HUXLEY, *Science and Culture*

II POETRY

I AM

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me, like a memory lost
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest

I long for scenes where man has never trod,
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept,
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood slept
Full of high thoughts, unborn So let me lie,
The grass below, above, the vaulted sky

JOHN CLARE (*Written in Northampton County Asylum*).

BATTLE SONG

Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark,
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more, the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away!
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us or them,
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem
What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pension'd slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will
Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse
But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condens'd in ire!
Strike! tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land,
Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

RUTH

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won
On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened,—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn
Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright
And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim,—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks —
Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home

Hood

THE TIME OF ROSES

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast,
It was the time of roses,—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!
That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet!
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
 But still you held me fast,
 It was the time of roses,—
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
 That tears began to stud?
 And when I ask'd the like of Love
 You snatch'd a damask bud,—

And op'd it to the dainty core
 Still glowing to the last,
 It was the time of roses,—
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

Hood

SILENCE

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound
 No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone

Hood

GOLDFISH IN THEIR BOWL

Restless forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings,—
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In fitting, flashing, billowy gleams!

Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale,—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,—
Fleet are ye, as fleetest galley
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee,
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance
Weaving many a mazy dance,
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleam'd in far Cathay;

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,—
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain,
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are only pining!
Nay! but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem,
Deck'd in Oriental pride,
By homely British fireside

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

PRAYER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Where is thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of Thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owns Thy entire control?—
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth
No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
Mar the full burst of prayer,
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath

Are heard her sacred tones the fitful sweep
 Of winds across the steep,
 Through wither'd bents—romantic note and clear,
 Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
 And, scarcely heard so high,
 The dashing waters when the air is still,
 From many a torrent rill
 That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
 Track'd by the blue mist well
 Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
 For Thought to do her part

'Tis then we hear the voice of God within,
 Pleading with care and sin
 "Child of My love! how have I wearied thee?
 "Why wilt thou err from Me?
 "Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,
 "Parted the drowning waves,
 "And set My saints before thee in the way,
 "Lest thou should faint or stray?"

JOHN KEBLE

THE HUNCHBACK

Helen Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth
 A proctor's daughter you did both affect—
 Look at me and deny it!—Of the twain
 She more affected you,—I've caught you now,
 Bold cousin! Mark you? opportunity
 On opportunity she gave you, sir,—
 Deny it if you can!—but though to others,
 When you discoursed of her, you were a flame,
 To her you were a wick that would not light,
 Tho' held in the very fire! And so he won her—

Won her, because he woo'd her like a man.
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest! Now, sir,
Protest that you are valiant!

Modus Cousin Helen!

Helen Well, sir?

Modus The tale is all a forgery!

Helen A forgery!

Modus From first to last, ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at college

Helen 'Twas a scrivener's then,—or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you lov'd her,
And, shame upon you, let another take her!

Modus Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I lov'd no woman while I was at college—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there

Helen Indeed (*Aside*) Now I'll retreat, if he's
advancing

Comes he not on! O what a stock's the man!

(*Aloud*) Well, cousin?

Modus Well! What more wouldst have me say?
I think, I've said enough

Helen And so think I

I did but jest with you You are not angry?

Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

Modus (*Letting her go*) I swear I squeez'd you not!

Helen You did not?

Modus No

I'll die if I did!

Helen Why then you did not, cousin,
So let's shake hands again —(*He takes her hand as before*)

O go and now

Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing

Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?

Behov'd him teach them, then, to put them on —

And that you have to learn Hold up your head!
 Why cousin, how you blush Plague on the ruff!
 I cannot give't a set You're blushing still!
 Why do you blush, dear cousin? So!—'twill beat me!
 I'll give it up

Modus Nay, prithee don't—try on!

Helen And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold

Modus For what?

Helen To trust my face so near to thine

Modus I know not what you mean

Helen I'm glad you don't!

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
 Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
 You well at college With another man
 My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

Modus Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin

Helen Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground*]

I swear the ruff is good for just
 As little as its master! There!—'Tis spoil'd—
 You'll have to get another Hie for it
 And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,
 Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
 You'll need to study Ovid's Art of Love!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

GLENGARRIFF

A sun-burst on the Bay! Turn and behold!
 The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
 Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
 Bright as Apollo's breastplate Bathed in gold,
 Yon bastioned islet gleams Thin mists are rolled,
 Translucent, through each glen A mantle hoary
 Veils those peaked hills shapely as e'er in story

Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
Minstrels have sung From rock and headland proud
The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay
The manifold mountain cones, now dark, now bright,
Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade, and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away

AUBREY DE VERE

PHILIP AND THE MEN OF GHENT

Artevelde Fair Sirs of Ghent!
Van Aeswyn, the Ambassador from Bruges,
Comes with credentials from the Earl, to show
What mind he bears toward you Bitterer words
Did never Christian man to Christians send
But we are fallen, my friends, and vain it were
For us to quarrel with the proud man's scorn
Then to the matter take ye heed alone
And trouble not your hearts for aught beside
He will admit you to no terms but these,—
That every man and woman born in Ghent
Shall meet him on the road, half way to Bruges,
Bare-footed and bare-headed, in their shirts,
With halters on their necks, and there kneel down
And put their lives and chattels at his feet
Thus if ye do not now, he's sworn an oath
That he will never hearken to you more,
But famine shall consume you utterly,
And in your desolate town he'll light a flame
That shall not be extinguish'd Speak your minds
Will ye accept the proffer'd terms or no?
Burghers Give us your counsel Tell us what is best
Artevelde. What can I say? Ye know that as ye are

Ye cannot live Death opens every door
 And sits in every chamber by himself
 If what might feed a sparrow should suffice
 For soldiers' meals, ye have not wherewithal
 To linger out three days For corn, there's none,
 A mouse imprison'd in your granaries
 Were starved to death And what then should I say?
 Why truly this that whatsoe'er men's plight,
 There is a better choosing and a worse,
 If their discretion be not overthrown
 By force of their calamities Three things
 Ye have to choose of Ye may take his terms
 And go with halters round your necks to Loo
 Ye will be then his servants and his wealth,
 The labourers of his vineyard, and I deem,
 Although a haughty Lord he be and cruel,
 That he will have the sense to spare his own
 When vengeance hath been fed I say I deem
 That when the blood of those that led you on
 And of their foremost followers hath flow'd,
 He will be satiate and stay his hand
 If this to try be your deliberate choice,
 I will not say that ye be ill-advised
 How are ye minded? Let your Deacons speak

*[The people speak in consultation with each other and
 with the Deacons]*

Deacon of the Mariners We of the mariners deem that
 this were best

Deacon of the Cordwainers There's nothing better can
 be done

Deacon of the Fullers Agreed

Our craft was never forward in the war

Deacon of the Weavers But, Master Philip, said you
 not three ways

There were to choose of? Tell us what remains.

Artevelde Ye may have patience and expect the close.
If nothing else seem fit, betake yourselves
Unto your churches, at the altar's foot
Kneel down and pray and make a Christian end,
And God will then have mercy on your souls
This is the second way

Deacon of the Weavers And what the third?

Artevelde If there be found amongst you men whose
blood

Runs not so chilly yet as thus to die,
Then there's this third way open—but not else —
That they whose plight is best and hearts are stout
Be muster'd suddenly, equipp'd and arm'd,
That with our little left of food and wine
The sumpter beasts be laden for their use,
That then they follow me to-morrow's eve
Should find us knocking at the gates of Bruges,
And then we'd strike a stroke for life or death
This is the third and sole remaining course
Choose of the three

Many voices Choose for us, Master Philip
You are more wise than we

Artevelde If by my choice
Ye will abide, a soldier's death for me

Many voices To Bruges! to Bruges! a venture forth
to Bruges!

Artevelde Why yet, then, in our embers there is life
Let whosoe'er would follow me, repair
To the West Port From them that come I'll choose
Five thousand, if so many there should be,
And when night falls, we'll sally from the gates

Many citizens again. For Bruges! for Bruges! 'tis
gallantly resolved.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THE SONG OF GLAUCUS

I

As the bark floateth on o'er the summer-lit sea,
Floats my heart o'er the deeps of its passion for thee
 All lost in the space, without terror it glides,
 For bright with thy soul is the face of the tides
 Now heaving, now hush'd, is that passionate ocean,
 As it catches thy smile or thy sighs,
 And the twin-stars that shine on the wanderer's devotion,
 Its guide and its god—are thine eyes!

II

The bark may go down, should the clouds sweep above,
 For its being is bound to the light of thy love
 As thy faith and thy smile are its life and its joy,
 So thy frown or thy change are the storms that destroy
 Ah! sweeter to sink while the sky is serene,
 If time hath a change for thy heart!
If to live be to weep over what thou hast been,
Let me die while I know what thou art!

LYTTON, *The Last Days of Pompeii*

THE SONG OF VERONICA

How many times do I love thee, dear?
 Tell me how many thoughts there be
 In the atmosphere
 Of a new-fall'n year,
 Whose white and sable hours appear
 The latest flake of Eternity —
 So many times do I love thee, dear
 How many times do I love again?
 Tell me how many beads there are
 In a silver chain
 Of evening rain,
 Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
 And threading the eye of a yellow star.—
 So many times do I love again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, from *Torrismond*.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me
I cannot rest from travel I will drink
Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea I am become a name,
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things, and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone He works his work, I mine

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail
There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,
Death closes all but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep
Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

TENNYSON.

IN MEMORIAM

Strong Son of God, immortal Love
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest Life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death, and lo thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die,
And thou hast made him thou art just

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them thine

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but faith we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear:
 But help thy foolish ones to bear,
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

TENNYSON.

ST AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon.
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord:
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies
 As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground,
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round,
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee,
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

TENNYSON

BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hull,
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

THE SHELL

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

TENNYSON, *Maud*.

YOU ASK ME WHY

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will,

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute,

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South

TENNYSON.

MARIANA

With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'
Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide
After the fitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'
Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow
The cock sung out an hour ere light
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her, without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept
Hard by a poplar shook away,
All silver-green with gnarled bark
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane, the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peer'd about
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices called her from without
 She only said 'My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said,
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense, but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower
 Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said,
 She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 Oh God, that I were dead!'

TENNYSON

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed is Anselm keeping back?
 Nephews—sons mine .ah God, I know not! Well—
 She, men would have to be your mother once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,

Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all
Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace,
And so, about this tomb of mine I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know
—Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care,
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aery dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands.
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse
—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless how I earned the prize!
Draw close that conflagration of my church
—What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
And if ye find Ah God, I know not, I!
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . .
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,

So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both His hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years.
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,

And see God made and eaten all day long,
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
 For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
 Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
 I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
 And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
 And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
 Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work
 And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
 Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
 About the life before I lived this life,
 And this life too, Popes, Cardinals and Priests,
 Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
 Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
 And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
 And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
 —Aha, *ELUCESCEBAT* quoth our friend?
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage
 All *laps*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
 My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
 They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
 With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term¹,
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
 To comfort me on my entablature
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' There, leave me, there!
 For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude

¹ A bust ending in a square block of stone, like those of the god *Terminus*.

To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
 Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
 As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
 And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
 Well go! I bless ye Fewer tapers there,
 But in a row and, going, turn your backs
 —Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
 And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
 That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
 Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was!

ROBERT BROWNING

RABBI BEN EZRA

I

Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith 'A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half, trust God see all, nor be afraid!'

II

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall?'
 Not that, admiring stars,
 It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars,
 Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!'

III

Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
 Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
 Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men,
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod,
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain,
Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge the throe!

VII

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale

VIII

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
 To man, propose this test—
 Thy body at its best
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX

Yet gifts should prove their use.
 I own the Past profuse
 Of power each side, perfection every turn:
 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole,
 Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live and
 learn?'

X

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine!
 'I see the whole design,
 'I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too
 'Perfect I call Thy plan
 'Thanks that I was a man!
 'Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!'

XI

For pleasant is this flesh;
 Our soul in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII

Let us not always say
 'Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry 'All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
 helps soul!'

ROBERT BROWNING



XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute, a god though in the germ

XIV

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue

XV

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby,
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame
Young, all lay in dispute, I shall know, being old

XVI

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth here dies another day.'

XVII

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,

Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 'This rage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

XVIII

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
Further Thou waitedest age wait death nor be afraid!

XX

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

ROBERT BROWNING

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I that whom shall my soul believe?

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price,
O'er which, from level stand
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice

XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account,
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
W. W. R.

Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
'Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!'

XXVII

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall,
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be
Time's wheel runs back or stops Potter and clay endure

XXVIII

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Sculd-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

XXX

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
earth's wheel?

XXXI

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men,
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst.

XXXII

So, take and use Thy work!
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

ROBERT BROWNING.

SONG

Day!
 Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last,
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
 Where spurting and suppress it lay—
 For not a froth-flake touched the rim
 Of yonder gap in the solid gray
 Of the eastern cloud, an hour away,
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
 Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
 A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
 The least of thy gazes or glances,
 (Be they grants thou art bound to, or gifts above measure)
 One of thy choices, or one of thy chances,

(Be they tasks God imposed thee, or freaks at thy pleasure)
 —My Day, if I squander such labour or leisure,
 Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*.

THE POPE AND POMPILIA

First of the first,
 Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
 Perfect in whiteness stoop thou down, my child,
 Give one good moment to the poor old Pope
 Heart-sick at having all his world to blame—
 Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,
 Let me enjoy the old clean linen garb,
 Not the new splendid vesture! Armed and crowned,
 Would Michael, yonder, be, nor crowned nor armed,
 The less pre-eminent angel? Everywhere
 I see in the world the intellect of man,
 That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
 The knowledge which defends him like a shield—
 Everywhere, but they make not up, I think,
 The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
 She holds up to the softened gaze of God!
 It was not given Pompilia to know much,
 Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
 Be memorized by who records my time
 Yet if in purity and patience, if
 In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
 Safe like the signet stone with the new name
 That saints are known by,—if in right returned
 For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
 If there be any virtue, any praise,—
 Then will this woman-child have proved—who knows?—
 Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,

Seven years a gardener of the untoward ground,
I till,—this earth, my sweat and blood manure
All the long day that barrenly grows dusk
At least one blossom makes me proud at eve
Born 'mid the briers of my enclosure! Still
(Oh, here as elsewhere, nothingness of man!)
Those be the plants, imbedded yonder South
To mellow in the morning, those made fat
By the master's eye, that yield such timid leaf,
Uncertain bud, as product of his pains!
While—see how this mere chance-sown cleft-nursed seed
That sprang up by the wayside 'neath the foot
Of the enemy, this breaks all into blaze,
Spreads itself, one wide glory of desire
To incorporate the whole great sun it loves
From the inch-height whence it looks and longs! My flower,
My rose, I gather for the breast of God,
This I praise most in thee, where all I praise,
That having been obedient to the end
According to the light allotted, law
Prescribed thy life, still tried, still standing test,—
Dutiful to the foolish parents first,
Submissive next to the bad husband,—nay,
Tolerant of those meaner miserable
That did his hests, eked out the dole of pain,—
Thou, patient thus, couldst rise from law to law,
The old to the new, promoted at one cry
O' the trump of God to the new service, not
To longer bear, but henceforth fight, be found
Sublime in new impatience with the foe!
Endure man and obey God plant firm foot
On neck of man, tread man into the hell
Meet for him, and obey God all the more!
Oh child that didst despise thy life so much
When it seemed only thine to keep or lose,

How the fine ear felt fall the first low word
'Value life, and preserve life for My sake!'
Thou didst...how shall I say?...receive so long
The standing ordinance of God on earth,
What wonder if the novel claim had clashed
With old requirement, seemed to supersede
Too much the customary law? But, brave,
Thou at first prompting of what I call God,
And fools call Nature, didst hear, comprehend,
Accept the obligation laid on thee,
Mother elect, to save the unborn child,
As brute and bird do, reptile and the fly,
Ay and, I nothing doubt, even tree, shrub, plant
And flower o' the field, all in a common pact
To worthily defend the trust of trusts,
Life from the Ever Living didst resist—
Anticipate the office that is mine—
And with his own sword stay the upraised arm,
The endeavour of the wicked, and defend
Him who,—again in my default,—was there
For visible providence one less true than thou
To touch, i' the past, less practised in the right,
Approved less far in all docility
To all instruction—how had such an one
Made scruple 'Is this motion a decree?'
It was authentic to the experienced ear
O' the good and faithful servant. Go past me
And get thy praise,—and be not far to seek
Presently when I follow if I may!

ROBERT BROWNING, from *The Ring and the Book*.

EVELYN HOPE

I

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour
That is her book shelf, this her bed,
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass,
Little has yet been changed, I think
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

II

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love, beside
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her

III

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

IV

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love.
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few.
 Much is to learn much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

V

But the time will come,—at last it will,
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,
 That body and soul so pure and gay?
 Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes,
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
 What is the issue? let us see!

VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—
 There was place and to spare for the frank young
 smile
 And the red young mouth and the hair's
 young gold
 So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
 There, that is our secret, go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith, vain faith, and courage vain
 For him, I threw lands, honours wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime,
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees,
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep,
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting place I asked, an early grave
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust A broken heart lies here

MACAULAY.

THE DEATH OF KING JAMES AT FLODDEN

No one failed him! He is keeping
 Royal state and semblance still,
 Knight and noble lie around him,
 Cold on Flodden's fatal hill
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
 Whom you sent with prayers away,
 Not a single man departed
 From his Monarch yesterday
 Had you seen them, O my masters!
 When the night began to fall,
 And the English spearmen gathered
 Round a grim and ghastly wall!

As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dare not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our Monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword,
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Southron lord,
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew,
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall.

AYTOUN.

QUINCE

Welcome was he in hut and hall
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns, and making presents,

Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel, and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrunk from Chancery suits—and marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head,
Warm was his double ale—and feelings,
His partners at the whist club said
That he was faultless in his dealings
He went to church but once a week,
Yet Dr Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him

Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear, were made to cozen,
All who subscribed to them were fools,—
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen
It was his doctrine, that the poor
Were always able, never willing,
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then—a shilling

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs Glasse, and patterns,
Adine was studying baker's bills,
Louisa looked the queen of knitters,
Jane happened to be hemming frills,
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters

But all was vain, and while decay
Came, like a tranquil moonlight, o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,

His rugged smile and easy chair,
 His dread of matrimonial lectures,
 His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
 Were themes for very strange conjectures

I found him, at three score and ten,
 A single man, but bent quite double;
 Sickness was coming on him then
 To take him from a world of trouble
 He prosed of slipping down the hill,
 Discovered he grew older daily,
 One frosty day he made his will,—
 The next, he sent for Doctor Bailey

'Whether I ought to die or not,
 My Doctors cannot quite determine,
 It's only clear that I shall rot
 And be, like Priam, food for vermin
 My debts are paid,—but Nature's debt
 Almost escaped my recollection
 Tom!—we shall meet again, and yet
 I cannot leave you my direction!'

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

STRANGERS YET

Strangers yet!
 After years of life together,
 After fair and stormy weather,
 After travel in fair lands,
 After touch of wedded hands,
 Why thus joined? Why ever met
 If they must be strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
 After childhood's winning ways,
 After care and blame and praise,

Counsel ask'd and wisdom given,
 After mutual prayers to Heaven,
 Child and parent scarce regret
 When they part—are strangers yet

Strangers yet!

After strife for common ends—
 After title of 'old friends,'
 After passions fierce and tender,
 After cheerful self-surrender,
 Hearts may beat and eyes be met,
 And the souls be strangers yet

Strangers yet!

Oh! the bitter thought to scan
 All the loneliness of man —
 Nature, by magnetic laws,
 Circle unto circle draws,
 But they only touch when met,
 Never mingle—strangers yet

Strangers yet!

Will it evermore be thus—
 Spirits still impervious?
 Shall we never fairly stand
 Soul to soul as hand to hand?
 Are the bounds eternal set
 To retain us—strangers yet?

Strangers yet!

Tell not Love it must aspire
 Unto something other—higher
 God Himself were loved the best
 Were our sympathies at rest,
 Rest above the strain and fret
 Of the world of—strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

R. M. MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON)

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL

Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer faces than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?
Valentine? I know that name,
Many Martyrs bear the same,
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,—
Who before and for them bled—
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords with cherub flame

NEWMAN

A THOUGHT

Suggested by Gen. xviii

A fair and stately scene of roof and walls,
Touched by the ruddy sunsets of the West,
Where, meek and molten, eve's soft radiance falls
Like golden feathers in the ringdove's nest.
Yonder the bounding sea, that couch of God!
A wavy wilderness of sand between,
Such pavement, in the Syrian deserts, trod
Bright forms, in girded albs, of heavenly mien
Such saw the patriarch in his noonday tent:
Three severed shapes that glided in the sun,
Till lo! they cling, and, interfused and blent,
A lovely semblance gleams—the three in one!

Be such the scenery of this peaceful ground,
 This leafy tent amid the wilderness
 Fair skies above, the breath of angels round,
 And God the Trinity to beam and bless!

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE ONE MYSTERY

'Tis idle! we exhaust and squander
 The glittering mine of thought in vain,
 All-baffled reason cannot wander
 Beyond her chain
 The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
 Make lampless night around its shore
 The dead, where are they? In their shrouds—
 Man knows no more

Evoke the ancient and the past,
 Will one illumining star arise?
 Or must the film, from first to last,
 O'erspread thine eyes?
 When life, love, glory, beauty, wither,
 Will wisdom's page, or science chart,
 Map out for thee the region whither
 Their shades depart?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers,
 In high imagination given,
 Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
 When earth is heaven?
 When this decaying shell is cold,
 Oh! sayest thou the soul shall climb
 That magic mount she trod of old,
 Ere childhood's time?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
 Thrill once again to glory's name?
 And shall the conquering love that filled
 All earth with flame,
 Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
 Resume his reign in prouder might,
 A sun beyond the ebon portal,
 Of death and night?

No more, no more—with aching brow
 And restless heart, and burning brain,
 We ask the When, the Where, the How,
 And ask in vain
 And all philosophy, all faith,
 All earthly—all celestial lore,
 Have but one voice, which only saith—
 Endure—adore!

MANGAN.

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace
 To look through and behind this mask of me,
 (Against which, years have beat thus blanchingly
 With their rains,) and behold my soul's true face,
 The dim and weary witness of life's race,—
 Because thou hast the faith and love to see,
 Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,
 The patient angel waiting for a place
 In the new Heavens,—because nor sin nor woe,
 Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighbourhood,
 Nor all which others viewing, turn to go,
 Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed,—
 Nothing repels thee,. . . Dearest, teach me so
 To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Sonnets from
 the Portuguese*, No. XXXIX.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

STANZA I

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free

STANZAS VI AND VII

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap,
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go,
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round
'For all day the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling:
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

STANZAS XII AND XIII

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run,
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom,
They sink in man's despair, without its calm,
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity
'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled,
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
 To DAY of past Regrets and future Fears
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
 A conscious Something to resent the yoke
 Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
 Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
 Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
 Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
 And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
 Baset the Road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
 Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake.

For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

EDWARD FITZGERALD

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 To towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried,
 When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side
 E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged?
 At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!
 To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

CLOUGH

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

CLOUGH.

THE SONG OF CALLICLES

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe—
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks;
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.

—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road,
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode

—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever,
What was from of old

First hymn they the Father
Of all things, and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm,
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

A WISH

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free,
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these, but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home,
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death!

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear,
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID

He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that un pitying Phrygian sect which cried
'Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
'Who sins, once wash'd by the baptismal wave'
So spake the fierce Tertullian But she sigh'd,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave
And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew!
 In quiet she reposes;
 Ah, would that I did too!
 Her mirth the world required;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.
 Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound,
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round
 Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE WHITE SHIP

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
 And soon he left that coast behind
 The Prince and all his, a princely show,
 Remained in the good White Ship to go
 With noble knights and with ladies fair,
 With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
 Three hundred living souls we were
 The Prince was a lawless shameless youth,
 From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:
 * * * * *
 And now he cried: 'Bring wine from below;
 Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:
 'Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
 Though we sail from the harbour at midnight.'

The rowers made good cheer without check;
 The lords and ladies obeyed his beck,
 The night was light, and they danced on deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
 And the White Ship furrowed the water-way

The sails were set and the oars kept tune
 To the double flight of the ship and the moon

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
 Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead

As white as a lily glimmered she
 Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea

And the Prince cried, 'Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
 Is a song bird's course so swift on the wing?'

And under the winter stars' still throng,
 From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
 The knights and the ladies raised a song

A song—nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
 That leaped o'er the deep!—the grievous cry
 Of three hundred living that now must die

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
 As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock

'Tis said that afar—a shrill strange sigh—
 The King's ships heard it and knew not why

* * * * *

A moment the pilot's senses spin,—
 The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
 Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in

A few friends leapt with him, standing near
 'Row! the sea's smooth, and the night is clear!'

'What! none to be saved but these and I?'

'Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!'

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The Prince's sister screamed to him

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, 'Put back! she must not die!'

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And 'Saved!' was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leapt and fell
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and a swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

He was a Prince of lust and of pride,
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

LOST DAYS

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?
I do not see them here, but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath
'I am myself,'—'What hast thou done to me?'
'And I—and I—thyself, (lo! each one saith,)
'And thou thyself to all eternity!'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me,
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree
Be the green grass above me
With shower and dewdrops wet
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt forget

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

AMOR MUNDI

'O where are you going with your love-locks flowing,
 On the west wind blowing along this valley track?'
 'The downhill path is easy, come with me an it please ye,
 We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.'

So they two went together in glowing August weather,
 The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;
 And dear she was to doat on, her swift feet seemed to
 float on

The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

'Oh what is that in heaven where grey cloud-flakes are seven,
 Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?'

'Oh that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,
 An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt'

'Oh what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow
 thickly,

Their scent comes rich and sickly?' 'A scaled and hooded
 worm'

'Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?'

'Oh, that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term.'

'Turn again, O my sweetest,—turn again, false and fleetest:
 This beaten way thou beatest, I fear, is hell's own track.'

'Nay, too steep for hill mounting; nay, too late for cost-
 counting:

This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back.'

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ONE SEA-SIDE GRAVE

Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget,—
But one remembers yet

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
'O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!'

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads,

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn,

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine,
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine,
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

SYDNEY DOBELL.

GLASGOW

City! I am true son of thine,
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
 Around the bleating pens,
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
 The silence of the glens
Instead of shores where ocean beats,
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

O fair the lightly sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has raced!
 O fair the April shoots!
O fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze
 Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O City! I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
 Down to the harbour-bars,
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, with street and square
 Lie empty to the stars
From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
 Thy smoke is dusky fire,
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
 Shivers upon a spire
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
While the blue Night crept up the stream.

The wild Train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
Streams through the shifting glare,
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires,
And on the moorlands bare,
He sees afar a crown of light
Hang o'er thee in the hollow night

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone,
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar

The beech is dipped in wine, the shower
Is burnished, on the swinging flower
The latest bee doth sit
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
The large ghost-moth doth flit
In every orchard Autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands

But all these sights and sounds are strange,
Then wherefore from thee should I range?
Thou hast my kith and kin
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave;
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE LOVE HABIT

Whenever I come where women are,
 How sad soe'er I was before,
 Though like a ship frost-bound and far
 Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,
 Thir'd-winter'd in that dreadful dock,
 With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,
 And crew that care for calm and shock
 Alike, too dull to be dismay'd,
 Though spirited like that speedless bark,
 My cold affections like the crew,
 My present drear, my future dark,
 The past too happy to be true,
 Yet if I come where women are,
 How sad soe'er I was before,
 Then is my sadness banish'd far,
 And I am like that ship no more
 Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,
 Burst by the sudden polar Spring
 And all thank God with their warmed wits,
 And kiss each other and dance and sing,
 And hoist fresh sails that make the breeze
 Blow them along the liquid sea,
 From the homeless North where life did freeze,
 Into the haven where they would be

COVENTRY PATMORE

THE EVE OF CRECY

Gold on her head, and gold on her feet,
 And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
 And a golden girdle round my sweet,—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Margaret's maids are fair to see,
Freshly dress'd and pleasantly;
Margaret's hair falls down to her knee;—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
I would kiss the place where the gold hems meet,
And the golden girdle round my sweet—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Ah me ! I have never touch'd her hand,
When the arriere-ban goes through the land,
Six basnets under my pennon stand,—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite

And many an one grins under his hood
'Sir Lambert de Bois, with all his men good,
Has neither food nor firewood,'—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
And the golden girdle of my sweet,
And thereabouts where the gold hems meet;—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite

Yet even now it is good to think,
While my few poor varlets grumble and drink
In my desolate hall where the fires sink,—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Of Margaret sitting glorious there,
In glory of gold and glory of hair,
And glory of glorious face most fair,—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite

Likewise to-night I make good cheer,
Because this battle draweth near:
For what have I to lose or fear?—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

For, look you, my horse is good to prance
 A right fair measure in this war-dance,
 Before the eyes of Philip of France,—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite

And sometime it may hap, perdie,
 While my new towers stand up three and three,
 And my hall gets painted fair to see—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite—

That folks may say 'Times change, by the rood,
 For Lambert, banneret of the wood,
 Has heaps of food and firewood,—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite,—

'And wonderful eyes, too, under the hood
 Of a damsel of right noble blood '
 St Ives, for Lambert of the wood!—

Ah ! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite

WILLIAM MORRIS

A DEATH SONG

What cometh here from west to east a-wending?

And who are these, the marchers stern and slow?

We bear the message that the rich are sending

Aback to those who bade them wake and know

Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,

But one and all if they would dusk the day

We asked them for a life of toilsome earning,

They bade us bide their leisure for our bread,

We craved to speak to tell our woeful learning,

We come back speechless, bearing back our dead.

Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,

But one and all if they would dusk the day.

They will not learn; they have no ears to hearken;
They turn their faces from the eyes of fate;
Their gay-lit halls shut out the skies that darken
But, lo! this dead man knocking at the gate.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day

Here lies the sign that we shall break our prison;
Amidst the storm he won a prisoner's rest.
But in the cloudy dawn the sun arisen
Brings us our day of work to win the best.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams,
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer,
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither,
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born,
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell,
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes,
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born,
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn,
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings,
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things,
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.
Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal,
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night

SWINBURNE

CHORUS FROM *ATALANTA*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With hsp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain
Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might,
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins,
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit,
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid,
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes,
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs,
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

SWINBURNE.

A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL

1716

There's nae mair lands to tyne, my dear,
And nae mair lives to gie
Though a man think sair to live nae mair,
There's but one day to die

For a' things come and a' days gane,
What needs ye rend your hair?
But kiss me till the morn's morrow,
Then I'll kiss ye nae mair

O lands are lost and life's losing,
And what were they to gie?
Fu' mony a man gives all he can,
But nae man else gives ye

Our king wons ower the sea's water,
And I in prison sair
But I'll win out the morn's morrow,
And ye'll see me nae mair.

SWINBURNE.

JÆL

Can time efface a deed so wholly vile?
She stood, the mother-snake, before her tent,
She feigned a piteous dew in her false eyes,
She made her low voice gentle as a bird's,
Her one hand beckoned to the fugitive,
Her other felt along the poniard's edge
Hid near the breast where late her baby fed.
She drew the noble weary captain in,
Her guest beneath the shelter of her home,
He laid him down to rest and had no fear
The sacred old alliance with her clan,
The trustful calm immunity of sleep,
Sealing security each more secure
Ah, surely, he was safe if anywhere
Beneath the mantle which she laid on him.
He was too noble to mistrust her much,
His fading sense felt her insidious arm
Folding him warmly Then he slept—she rose,
Slid like a snake across the tent—struck twice—
And stung him dead

God saw her, up in Heaven.

The lark outside went on with his old song
The sheep grazed, and the floating clouds came past.—
Yet it was done. Sleep, guest-right, given word,
All broken, each forgotten. She had lied
Against these holiest three and slain him there
Bonds were as straw; if once she thought of them,
They only gave new keenness to the nail,
And made her right hand surer for the blow.

LORD DE TABLEY.

A WOODLAND GRAVE

Bring no jarring lute this way
To demean her sepulchre,
Toys of love and idle day
Vanish as we think of her

We, who read her epitaph,
Find the world not worth a laugh

Light, our light, what dusty night
Numbs the golden drowsy head?
Lo! empathed in pearls of light,
More resurgent from the dead

From whose amber shoulders flow
Shroud and sheet of cloudy woe

Words are dreaming, and she dreams
Through the foliated roof above
Down immeasurably streams
Splendour like an angel's love

Till the tomb and gleaming urn
In a mist of glory burn

* * * *

There the Roses pine and weep
Strong, delicious human tears
There the posies o'er her sleep
Through the years—ah! through the years,
Spring on spring renew the show
Of their frail memorial woe

* * * *

We have eaten, we have earned
Wine of grief and bread of care,
We, who saw her first inurned
In the dust and silence there

We have wept—Ah! God—not so:
Trivial tears dried long ago.

LORD DE TABLEY

But we yearn and make our moan
For the step we used to know:
Gentle hand and tender tone,
Laughter in a silver flow—
 All that sweetness in thy chain,
 Tyrant Grave, restore again

* * * *

LORD DE TABLEY.

ON A THRUSH SINGING IN AUTUMN

Sweet singer of the Spring, when the new world
Was fill'd with song and bloom, and the fresh year
Tripp'd, like a lamb playful and void of fear,
Through daisied grass and young leaves scarce unfurl'd,
Where is thy liquid voice
That all day would rejoice?
Where now thy sweet and homely call,
Which from grey dawn to evening's chilling fall
Would echo from thin copse and tassell'd brake,
For homely duty tuned and love's sweet sake?

The spring-tide pass'd, high summer soon should come
The woods grew thick, the meads a deeper hue,
The pipy summer growths swell'd, lush and tall;
The sharp scythes swept at daybreak through the dew
Thou didst not heed at all,
Thy prodigal voice grew dumb,
No more with song mightst thou beguile,
—She sitting on her speckled eggs the while—
Thy mate's long vigil as the slow days went,
Solacing her with lays of measureless content.

Nay, nay, thy voice was Duty's, nor would dare
Sing were Love fled, though still the world were fair;
The summer wax'd and waned, the nights grew cold,
The sheep were thick within the wattled fold,
The woods began to moan,
Dumb wert thou and alone,
Yet now, when leaves are sere, thy ancient note
Comes low and halting from thy doubtful throat
Oh, lonely loveless voice! what dost thou here
In the deep silence of the fading year?

Thus do I read the answer of thy song
'I sang when winds blew chilly all day long,
I sang because hope came and joy was near,
I sang a little while, I made good cheer,
In summer's cloudless day
My music died away,
But now the hope and glory of the year
Are dead and gone, a little while I sing
Songs of regret for days no longer here,
And touched with presage of the far-off Spring'

Is this the meaning of thy note, fair bird?
Or do we read into thy simple brain
Echoes of thoughts which human hearts have stirred,
High-soaring joy and melancholy pain?
Nay, nay, that lingering note
Belated from thy throat—
'Regret,' is what it sings, 'regret, regret!
The dear days pass, but are not wholly gone
In praise of those I let my song go on,
'Tis sweeter to remember than forget'

A SWEET EXHAUSTION SEEMS TO HOLD

A sweet exhaustion seems to hold
In spells of calm the shrouded eve
The gorse itself a beamless gold
Puts forth,—yet nothing seems to grieve.

The dewy chaplets hang on air,
The willowy fields are silver-grey,
Sad odours wander here and there;—
And yet we feel that it is May

Relaxed, and with a broken flow,
From dripping bowers low carols swell
In mellow, glassier tones, as though
They mounted through a bubbling well.

The crimson orchis scarce sustains
Upon its drenched and drooping spire
The burden of the warm soft rains,
The purple hills grow nigh and nigher

Nature, suspending lovely toils,
On expectations lovelier broods,
Listening, with lifted hand, while coils
The flooded rivulet through the woods.

She sees, drawn out in vision clear,
A world with summer radiance drest,
And all the glories of that year
Still sleeping in her virgin breast

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE GREEN GNOME

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as milk,
 My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk,
 My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
 My eyes were like two harebells bathed in shining drops of
 dew

My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
 With the leaves of Autumn dropping all around me as I
 went,

And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and
 play,

Fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die away,
 And beside a silver runnel, on a lovely heap of sand,
 I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand,
 Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
 And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the
 ground

O crimson, crimson, were his locks, his face was green to
 see,

And he cried, 'O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to marry
 me!'

He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed me on the
 cheek,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or
 speak,

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he
 kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men!

* * * * *

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
 The ugly green, green Gnome became a tall and comely man!
 His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were
 black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on his cheek,
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to
speak:

'O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me,
Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me
free!

O I will mount my palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And by these sweetly shining eyes, we twain will wedded be '
Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the Autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow in
the wind,

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high
and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk-bells sweet and
loud,

And we saw the kirk before us as we trotted down the
fells,

And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells!

Ring, sing! ring, ding! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, rhyme, chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE MOON

Oh, a myriad stars may shine,

But ever the one sole Moon,

The Queen of the stars and the night divine,

The Queen most fair and boon,

For her mystical shine is Love's best wine,

And her midnight Love's own noon.

I have heard that the smallest star
Is a much more mighty sphere,
Than the regnant moon in her silver car
That we love and worship here,
But behold, the star it is faint and far,
While our Moon is bright and near

Let the star in its distant skies
Burn glorious and great,
A sun of life to the far-off eyes
In the planets that swell its state,
But it sways not the tides of our seas as it rides,
Nor the tide of our human fate

So, there on the shining sand,
And there on the long curved pier,
Fair ladies circle fulgent and grand,
Each in her proper sphere,
But the sun so far is a little star,
While my Love is near and dear

Is near and dear and bright,
The Queen of my Heavens above,
The pure sweet light of my darkest night,
My Lotus, my Lily, my Dove,
And my pulses flow and thrill and glow
In the sway of her splendid love

JAMES THOMSON

DIVIDED

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
'Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell;
'I may not cross'—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning,
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
'Come to me now, for the west is burning,
Come ere it darkens'—'Ah, no! ah, no!'

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them, we walk, and weep

* * * *

A yellow moon in splendour drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest

The desert heavens have felt her sadness,
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears,
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud

JEAN INGELow

LOVE'S MOURNER

'Tis men who say that through all hurt and pain
The woman's love, wife's, mother's, still will hold,
And breathes the sweeter and will more unfold
For winds that tear it, and the sorrowful rain.

So in a thousand voices has the strain
Of this dear patient madness been retold,
That men call woman's love Ah! they are bold,
Naming for love that grief which *does* remain
Love faints that looks on baseness face to face
Love pardons all, but by the pardonings dies,
With a fresh wound of each pierced through the breast
And there stand pityingly in Love's void place
Kindness of household wont familiar-wise,
And faith to Love—faith to our dead at rest

AUGUSTA WEBSTER

LOVE'S DAY

Where found Love his yesterday?

When is Love's to-morrow, say

Love has only now

We can swear it, we who stand,

In Love's present, hand in hand,

Thou and I, dear, I and thou

By and by and *Long ago*,

Last month's buds, next winter's snow,

Love has only now

Do we wot of rathe or sere

In Love's boundless summer year,

Thou and I, dear, I and thou?

Suns that rose and suns to set,

Gone for ever and *Not yet*,

Love has always now

Do we count by dawn and night,

Dwelling in Love's perfect light,

Thou and I, dear, I and thou?

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,

England, my England?

What is there I would not do,

England, my own?

With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England—

Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?

When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—

Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England —

'Take and break us we are yours,
England, my own!

Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky
Death is death, but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—

To the stars on your bugles blown!'

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England.

You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!

You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the song on your bugles blown,
 England—

Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of ships whose might,

 England, my England,

Is the fierce old Sea's delight,

 England, my own,

Chosen daughter of the Lord,

Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,

There's the menace of the Word

In the song on your bugles blown,

 England—

Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

• WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

THE RUINED PALACE

Broken are the Palace windows
 Rotting is the Palace floor
 The damp wind lifts the arras
 And swings the creaking door,
 But it only startles the white owl
 From his perch on a monarch's throne,
 And the rat that was gnawing the harpstrings
 A queen once play'd upon
 Dare you linger here at midnight
 Alone, when the wind is about,
 And the bat, and the newt, and the viper,
 And the creeping things come out?
 Beware of these ghostly chambers!
 Search not what my heart hath been,
 Lest you find a phantom sitting
 Where once there sat a Queen

EARL OF LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH)

EVIL DAYS

Yakbuzu wa Yabsutu! heaven and hell
He closeth and unoloseth—and doth well!
 In gold and silk and robes of pride
 An evil-hearted monarch died,
 Pampered and arrogant his soul
 Quitted the grave. His eyes did roll
 Hither and thither, deeming some
 In that new world should surely come
 To lead his spirit to a seat
 Of state, for kingly merit meet.
 What saw he? 'twas a hag so foul
 There is no Afrit, Djin, or Ghoul

With countenance as vile, or mien
As fearful, and such terrors seen
In the fierce voice and hideous air,
Blood-dripping hands and matted hair
'Allah have mercy!' cried the king,
'Whence and what art thou, hateful thing?'
'Dost thou not know—who gav'st me birth?'
Replied the form, 'thy sins on earth
In me embodied thus behold
I am thy wicked work! unfold
Thine arms and clasp me, for we two
In hell must live thy sentence through'
Then with bitter cry, 'tis writ,
The king's soul passed into the pit

*Al-Kâbis! so He bars the gate
Against the unregenerate*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

THE DAISY

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes 'on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over the South,
And southward dreams the sea,
And, with the sea-breeze, hand in hand,
Came innocence and she

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flowers on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

The fairest things have fleetest end.
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way —
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan,
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own

FRANCIS THOMPSON

MODERN LOVE

'I play for Seasons, not Eternities!'
Says Nature, laughing on her way 'So must
All those whose stake is nothing more than dust!'
And lo, she wins, and of her harmonies
She is full sure! Upon her dying rose,
She drops a look of fondness, and goes by,
Scarce any retrospection in her eye;
For she the laws of growth most deeply knows,

Whose hands bear, here, a seed-bag—there, an urn.
 Pledged she herself to aught, 't would mark her end!
 This lesson of our only visible friend,
 Can we not teach our foolish hearts to learn?
 Yes! Yes!—but, oh, our human rose is fair
 Surpassingly! Lose calmly Love's great bliss,
 When the renewed for ever of a kiss
 Whirls life within the shower of loosened hair!

GEORGE MEREDITH

THE WORLD A CHILD'S SONG

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World!
 With the wonderful water round you curl'd,
 And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
 World, you are beautifully drest

The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
 And talks to itself on the tops of the hills

You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
 With the wheatfields that nod, and the rivers that flow,
 With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
 I tremble to think of you, World, at all!
 And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
 A whisper inside me seem'd to say—

'You are more than the Earth, tho' you are such a dot.
 You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!'

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

III NOVELISTS

A FEW TO THINK AND MANY TO ACT

(Scythrop supposed to be Shelley the Poet)

Scythrop was left alone at Nightmare Abbey. He was a burnt child, and dreaded the fire of female eyes. He wandered about the ample pile, or along the garden terrace, with 'cogitative faculties, immersed in cogibundity of cogitation'... He had some taste for romance reading before he went to the university, where, we must confess, in justice to his college, he was cured of the love of reading in all its shapes, and the cure would have been radical, if disappointment in love, and total solitude, had not conspired to bring on a relapse. He began to devour romances and German tragedies, and by the recommendation of Mr Flosky, to pore over ponderous tomes of transcendental philosophy, which reconciled him to the labour of studying them by their mystical jargon and necromantic imagery. In the congenial solitude of Nightmare Abbey, the distempered ideas of metaphysical romance and romantic metaphysics had ample time and space to germinate into a fertile crop of chimeras, which rapidly shot up into vigorous and abundant vegetation.

He now became troubled with the *passion for reforming the world*. He built many castles in the air, and peopled them with secret tribunals, and bands of illuminati, who were always the imaginary instruments of his projected regeneration of the human species. He slept with Horrid

Mysteries under his pillow, and dreamed of venerable eleutherarchs and ghastly confederates holding midnight conventions in subterranean caves. He passed whole mornings in his study, immersed in gloomy reverie, stalking about the room in his nightcap, which he pulled over his eyes like a cowl, and folding his striped calico dressing-gown about him like the mantle of a conspirator.

'Action,' thus he soliloquized, 'is the result of opinion, and to new-model opinion would be to new-model society. Knowledge is power, it is in the hands of the few, who employ it to mislead the many, for their selfish purposes of aggrandisement and appropriation. What if it were in the hands of a few who should employ it to lead the many? What if it were universal, and the multitude were enlightened? No. The many must be always in leading-strings, but let them have wise and honest conductors. A few to think and many to act, that is the basis of perfect society.' In the mean-time Scythrop drank Madeira, and laid deep schemes for a thorough repair of the crazy fabric of human nature.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, *Nightmare Abbey*

DICK TURPIN'S NIGHT-RIDE TO YORK

It was then, for the first time, that the thought of executing his extraordinary ride to York, flashed across him—his bosom throbbed high with rapture, and he involuntarily exclaimed aloud, as he raised himself in the saddle, 'By —— I will do it.'

He took one last look at the great Babel that lay buried in a world of trees beneath him, struck into a lane which lies on the right of the road, now called Shoot-up-hill Lane, and set off at a good pace in the direction of Hampstead. His pursuers were now within a hundred yards, and shouted to him to stand. Pointing to a gate, which seemed to

bar their further progress, Dick unhesitatingly charged it, clearing it in beautiful style. Not so with Coates's pursuing party—and the time they lost in unfastening the gate, which none of them liked to leap, enabled Dick to put additional space betwixt them.... Full of ardour and excitement, determined to execute what he had mentally undertaken, did Turpin hold on his course. Everything was favourable to his project, the roads were in admirable condition, his mare was in like order—'She has now got her wind in her,' said Dick—'I'll see what she can do—hark away, lass—hark away! I wish they could see her now,' as he felt her almost fly away with him

Encouraged by her master's voice and hand, Black Bess started forward at a pace which few horses could have equalled and scarcely any have sustained so long. Even Dick, accustomed as he was to her magnificent action, felt electrified at the speed with which he was borne along. 'Bravo—Bravo,' shouted he, 'hark away, Bess'

The deep solemn woods, through which they were rushing, rang with his shouts, and the sharp rattle of Bess's hoofs, and thus he held his way. Away—away!—the road is level, the path is clear, press on, thou gallant steed, no obstacle is in thy way!—and lo!—the moon breaks forth; her silvery light is thrown over the woody landscape. Dark shadows are cast athwart the road—and the flying figures of thy rider and thyself are traced, like giant phantoms, in the dust. Away—away! Dick is wild with joy. Hall, oot, tree, tower, glade, mead, waste, or woodland, are seen, passed, left behind, and vanish as in a dream. Motion is scarce perceptible—it is impetus—propulsion. A hamlet is visible in the moonlight. It is scarce discovered, ere the flints sparkle beneath the mare's hoofs. A moment's clatter on the stones, and it is left behind. Again, it is the silent, smiling country. Now they are buried in the darkness of woods—now sweeping along on the wide plain—

now clearing the unopened toll bar—now trampling over the hollow sounding bridge, their shadows momentarily reflected in the placid mirror of the stream—now scaling the hill-side a thought more slowly—now plunging, as the horses of Phoebus into the ocean, down its precipitous sides .. The towers and pinnacles of York burst upon him in all their freshness 'It is done—it is won,' cried Dick 'Hurrah—hurrah!' but his voice was hushed

Bess tottered—fell—Her heart had burst Dick's eyes were blinded, as with rain 'And art thou gone, Bess!' he cried, in a despairing voice, lifting the courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with blood-flecked foam 'Gone—gone—and I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed!'

AINS WORTH, *Rookwood*

THE MINISTER'S WOOING

In the month of February my second wife was gathered to the Lord. I laid her by the side of my first love, Betty Lanshaw, my own cousin that was, and I inscribed her name upon the same headstone, but time had drained my poetical vein, and I have not yet been able to indite an epitaph on her merits and virtues, for she had an eminent share of both. She was not long deposited in her place of rest till I had occasion to find her loss. All my things were kept by her in most pernick and excellent order, but they soon fell into amazing confusion, for as she often said of me, I had a turn for heedlessness, insomuch that although my daughter Janet was grown up and able to keep the house, I saw that it would be necessary, as soon as decency would allow, for me to take another wife. I was moved to this chiefly by foreseeing that my daughter would in time be married, and taken away from me, but more on account of the servant lasses, who grew out of all bounds,

verifying the proverb, 'well kenns the mouse when the cat's out of the house.' It behoved me to look for a helpmate. Upon this important concern I reflected, as I may say, in the watches of the night, and, considering the circumstances of my situation, I saw it would not do for me to look out for an overly young woman, nor yet would it do for one of my ways to take an elderly maiden, ladies of that sort being liable to strong-set peculiarities. I therefore resolved that my choice should lie among widows of a discreet age. Accordingly I bent my brows, and looked towards Irville, which is an abundant trone for widows and other single women, and I fixed my purpose on Mrs Nugent, the relic of a Professor in the University of Glasgow.

So, in the course of the week, taking Janet, my daughter, with me, we walked over in the forenoon, and called at Mrs Nugent's first, before going to any other house, and Janet saying, as we came out to go to the minister's, that she thought Mrs Nugent an agreeable woman, I determined to knock the nail on the head without further delay.

Accordingly I invited the minister and his wife to dine with us on the Thursday following, and before leaving the town, I made Janet, while the minister and me were handling a subject, as a sort of thing of common civility, go to Mrs Nugent, and invite her also. Dr Dinwiddie was a gied man, of a jocose nature; and he, guessing something of what I was ettling at, was very mirthful with me, but I kept my own counsel till a meet season.

On the Thursday, the company, as invited, came, and nothing extraordinary was seen, but in cutting up and helping a hen, Dr Dinwiddie put one wing on Mrs Nugent's plate, and the other wing on my plate, and said, 'there have been greater miracles than these two wings flying together,' which was a sharp joke, that caused no little merriment, at the expense of Mrs Nugent and me. I, however, to show that I was none daunted, laid a leg also on her plate, and

took another on my own, saying in the words of the Reverend Doctor, there have been greater miracles than that these two legs should lie in the same nest, which was thought a very clever come off, and at the same time I gave Mrs Nugent a kindly nip on her sousy arm, which was breaking the ice in as pleasant a way as could be. In short, before anything passed between ourselves on the subject, we were set down for a trysted pair, and this being the case, we were married as soon as a twelve month and a day had passed from the death of the second Mrs Balwhidder; and neither of us have had occasion to rue the bargain

JOHN GALT, *Annals of the Parish*

DUBLIN PORTERS

Next you are laid hold of by a crowd of carmen "Here's the car, your honour—that's the beauty" "Don't belave him" cries his rival,

"He'll break down, sir Look at his springs! Ain't they tied up with a piece of rope?"

"Well," replies the first one, "we'll go the faster for all that—won't we have the spring ti(e)de with us?"

The traveller is laid hold of by both arms and pulled about in all directions, while half his luggage is on one car, and half is jerked on the other, he doubting which he will be permitted to go upon himself, when the conflict suddenly subsides into a mysterious consultation

"Done!" cries one of the carmen,

"Done!" says the other, and they plunge their hands into their pockets.

"What are you about?" shouts the bewildered passenger

"We're just goin' to toss for you, sir", and they literally cry,

"Heads or Tails? for who shall have the honour of his honour's company."

The man of the broken springs loses; but with infinite good humour he transfers the luggage to the car of the winner, helps the traveller to his seat,—when, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he says,

“You lost me, sir” (he never says, “I have lost you”). “I am sorry you lost me, for you won’t be able to ate your breakfast when you get to your howtell.”

“Why not?” demands the traveller

“You’ll get such a jolting with them strong springs, sir, they’ll shake every tooth out of your head.”

SAMUEL LOVER

THE HANGING OF MAJOR MONSOON

After the battle of Vimiera, the brigade to which I was attached had their headquarters at San Pietro, a large convent where all the church plate for miles round was stored up for safety. We somehow,—I never could find out how,—but, in leaving the place, all the waggons of our brigade had got some trifling articles of small value scattered, as it might be, among their stores—gold cups, silver candlesticks, Virgin Marys, ivory crucifixes, saints’ eyes set in topazes, and martyrs’ toes in silver filagree, and a hundred other similar things

One of these confounded bullock cars broke down just at the angle of the road where the Commander-in-Chief was standing with his staff to watch the troops defile, and out rolled, among bread rations and salt beef, a whole avalanche of precious relics and church ornaments. Every one stood aghast! Never was such a misfortune. No one endeavoured to repair the mishap, but all looked on in terrified amazement as to what was to follow.

“Who has command of this detachment?” shouted out Sir Arthur, in a voice that made more than one of us tremble.

"Monsoon, your Excellency—Major Monsoon of the Portuguese brigade "

"The old rogue—I know him " Upon my word that's what he said

"Hang him upon the spot," pointing with his finger as he spoke, "we shall see if this looting practice cannot be put a stop to "

And with these words he rode leisurely away as if he had been merely ordering a dinner for a small party

When I came up to the place, the halberts were fixed, and Gronow, with a company of the fusiliers under arms beside them

"Devilishly sorry for it, Major," said he, "it's confoundedly unpleasant, but it can't be helped, we've got orders to see you hanged!"

Now had it not been for the fixed halberts, and the Provost-Marshal, I'd not have believed him, but one glance at them, and another at the holy images, told me at once what had happened.

"He only means to frighten me a little? Isn't that all, Gronow?" cried I, in a supplicating voice

"Very possibly, Major," said he, "but I must execute my orders "

"You'll surely not——"

Before I could finish, up came Dan Mackinnon, cantering smartly.

"Going to hang old Monsoon, eh, Gronow? What fun!"

"Ain't it, though!" said I, half blubbering

"Well, if you're a good Catholic, you may have your choice of a saint, for, by Jupiter, there's a strong muster of them here."

This cruel allusion was made in reference to the gold and silver effigies that lay scattered about the highway.

"Dan," said I, in a whisper, "intercede for me—do, like a good, kind fellow. You have influence with Sir Arthur."

"You old sinner," said he, "it's useless."

"Dan, I'll forgive you the fifteen pounds."

"That you owe *me*," said Dan, laughing.

"Who'll ever be the father to you I have been? Who'll mix your punch with burnt Madeira when I'm gone?" said I.

"Well, really, I am sorry for you, Monsoon. I say, Gronow, don't tuck him up for a few minutes; I'll speak for the old villain, and, if I succeed, I'll wave my handkerchief."

Well, away went Dan at full gallop. Gronow sat down on the bank, and I fidgeted about in no very enviable frame of mind, the confounded Provost eyeing me all the time.

"I can only give you five minutes more, Major," said Gronow, placing his watch beside him on the grass. I tried to pray a little, and said three or four of Solomon's proverbs, when again he called out—

"What's that waving yonder?"

"The colour of the 6th Foot—Come Major, off with your stock."

"Where is Dan now—what is he doing?" for I could see nothing for myself.

"He's riding beside Sir Arthur. They all seem laughing."

"God forgive them! What an awful retrospect this will prove to some of them."

"Time's up!" said Gronow, jumping up and replacing his watch in his pocket.

"Provost-Marshall be quick——"

"Eh! what's that? There I see it waving! There's a shout, too!"

"Ay, by Jove! So it is; well, you're saved this time, Major—that's the signal."

So saying Gronow formed his fellows in line and resumed his march quite coolly, leaving me alone on the roadside to meditate over martial law and my pernicious taste for relic.

LEVER, *Charles O'Malley.*

VILLAGE FAIR AMUSEMENTS

It was a summer fair in one of the prettiest villages of Surrey. The main street was lined with booths, abounding in toys, gleaming crockery, gay ribbons, and gilded gingerbread. Farther on, where the street widened into the ample village-green, rose the more pretending fabrics which lodged the attractive forms of the Mermaid, the Norfolk Giant, the Pig-faced Lady, the Spotted Boy, and the Calf with two heads, while high over even these edifices, and occupying the most conspicuous vantage-ground, a lofty stage promised to rural playgoers the "Grand Melodramatic Performance of the Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." Music, lively if artless, resounded on every side,—drums, fifes, penny-whistles, cat-calls, and a hand-organ played by a dark foreigner, from the height of whose shoulder a cynical but observant monkey eyed the hubbub and cracked his nuts ..

Amidst the crowd, as it streamed saunteringly along, were two spectators, strangers to the place, as was notably proved by the attention they excited, and the broad jokes their dress and appearance provoked from the rustic wits. . . . One of the two whom we have thus individualised was of that enviable age, ranging from five-and-twenty to seven-and-twenty, in which, if a man cannot contrive to make life very pleasant,—pitiable indeed must be the state of his digestive organs. . . . He was good-looking on the whole, and would have deserved the more flattering epithet of handsome, but for his nose, which was what the French call "a nose in the air"—not a nose supercilious, not a nose provocative, as such noses mostly are, but a nose decidedly in earnest to make the best of itself and of things in general—a nose that would push its way up in life, but so pleasantly that most irritable fingers would never itch to lay hold of it. With such a nose a man might

play the violoncello, marry for love, or even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs. Never would he stick in the mud so long as he followed that nose in the air....

The companion of the personage thus sketched might be somewhere about seventeen; but his gait, his air, his lithe, vigorous frame, showed a manliness at variance with the boyish bloom of his face. . His hair, long like his friend's, was of a dark chestnut, with gold gleaming through it where the sun fell, inclining to curl, and singularly soft and silken in its texture. His dress, though not foreign, like his comrade's, was peculiar,—a broad-brimmed straw hat with a wide blue ribbon, shirt-collar turned down, leaving the throat bare, a dark-green jacket of thinner material than cloth, white trousers and waistcoat completed his costume. He looked like a mother's darling—perhaps he was one.

Scratch across his back went one of those ingenious mechanical contrivances familiarly in vogue at fairs, which are designed to impress upon the victim to whom they are applied, the pleasing conviction that his garment is rent in twain.

The boy turned round so quickly, that he caught the arm of the offender—a pretty village-girl, a year or two younger than himself.

"Found in the act, sentenced, punished," cried he, snatching a kiss, and receiving a gentle slap. "And now, good for evil, here's a ribbon for you—choose."

The girl slunk back shyly, but her companions pushed her forward and she ended by selecting a cherry-coloured ribbon, for which the boy paid carelessly, while his elder and wiser friend looked at him with grave, compassionate rebuke, and grumbled out—"Dr Franklin tells us that once in his life he paid too dear for a whistle; but then he was only seven years old, and a whistle has its uses. But to pay such a price for a scratch-back! Prodigal! come along."

As the friends strolled on, naturally enough all the young girls who wished for ribbons, and were possessed of scratch-backs followed in their wake. Scratch went the instruments, but in vain.

"Lasses," said the elder, turning sharply upon them, his nose in the air, "ribbons are plentiful—shillings scarce, and kisses, though pleasant in private, are insipid in public. What, still! Beware! Know that innocent as we seem, we are women-eaters, and if you follow us farther, you are devoured!" So saying, he expanded his jaws to a width so preternaturally large, and exhibited a row of grinders so formidable that the girls fell back in consternation.

LYTTON, *What will he do with It*

NEWMARKET

The fame of Coningsby had preceded him at Cambridge. No man ever went up from whom more was expected in every way. The dons awaited a sucking member for the University, the undergraduates were prepared to welcome a new Alcibiades. He was neither neither a prig nor a profligate, but a quiet, gentlemanlike, yet spirited young man, gracious to all, but intimate only with his old friends, and giving always an impression in his general tone that his soul was not absorbed in his University.

And yet perhaps he might have been coddled into a prig, or flattered into a profligate, had it not been for the intervening experience which he had gained between his school and college life. That had visibly impressed upon him what before he had only faintly acquired from books, that there was a greater and more real world awaiting him than to be found in those bowers of Academus to which youth is apt at first to attribute an exaggerated importance. A world of action and passion, of power and peril; a world

for which a great preparation was indeed necessary, severe and profound, but not altogether such an one as was now offered to him. Yet this want must be supplied, and by himself. Coningsby had already acquirements sufficiently considerable with some formal application to ensure him at all times his degree. He was no longer engrossed by the intention he once proudly entertained of trying for honours, and he chalked out for himself that range of reading, which, digested by his thought, should furnish him in some degree with that various knowledge of the history of man to which he aspired. No, we must not for a moment believe that accident could have long diverted the course of a character so strong. The same desire that prevented the castle of his grandfather from proving a castle of indolence to him, that saved him from a too early initiation into the seductive distractions of a refined and luxurious society, would have preserved Coningsby from the puerile profligacy of a college life, or from being that idol of private tutors, a young pedant. It was that noble ambition, the highest and the best, that must be born in the heart and organised in the brain, which will not let a man be content unless his intellectual power is recognised by his race, and desires that it should contribute to their welfare. It is the heroic feeling, the feeling that in old days produced demi-gods, without which no state is safe, without which political institutions are meat without salt; the crown a bauble, the church an establishment, parliaments debating clubs, and civilisation itself but a fitful and transient dream.

DISRAELI, *Coningsby*.

MISS MIGGS AND MR. TAPPERTIT

Miss Miggs, having undone her mistress, as she phrased it (which means, assisted to undress her), and having seen her comfortably to bed in the back room on the first floor, withdrew to her own apartment, in the attic story. Notwithstanding her declaration in the locksmith's presence, she was in no mood for sleep, so, putting her light upon the table and withdrawing the little window-curtain, she gazed out pensively at the wild night sky.

Perhaps she wondered what star was destined for her habitation when she had run her little course below, perhaps speculated which of those glimmering spheres might be the natal orb of Mr Tappertit, perhaps marvelled how they could gaze down on that perfidious creature, man, and not sicken and turn green as chemists' lamps, perhaps thought of nothing in particular. Whatever she thought about, there she sat, until her attention, alive to anything connected with the insinuating 'prentice, was attracted by a noise in the next room to her own—his room, the room in which he slept, and dreamed—it might be, sometimes dreamed of her.

That he was not dreaming now, unless he was taking a walk in his sleep, was clear, for every now and then there came a shuffling noise, as though he were engaged in polishing the whitewashed wall, then a gentle creaking of his door, then the faintest indication of his stealthy footsteps on the landing-place outside. Noting this latter circumstance, Miss Miggs turned pale and shuddered, as mistrusting his intentions, and more than once exclaimed, below her breath, "Oh! what a Providence it is as I am bolted in!"—which, owing doubtless to her alarm, was a confusion of ideas on her part between a bolt and its use; for though there was one on the door, it was not fastened.

Miss Miggs's sense of hearing, however, having as sharp an edge as her temper, and being of the same snappish and suspicious kind, very soon informed her that the footsteps passed her door, and appeared to have some object quite separate and disconnected from herself. At this discovery she became more alarmed than ever, and was about to give utterance to those cries of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" which she had hitherto restrained, when it occurred to her to look softly out, and see that her fears had some good palpable foundation

Looking out accordingly, and stretching her neck over the handrail, she descried, to her great amazement, Mr Tappertit completely dressed, stealing down stairs, one step at a time, with his shoes in one hand and a lamp in the other. Following him with her eyes, and going down a little way herself to get the better of an intervening angle, she beheld him thrust his head in at the parlour door, draw it back again with great swiftness, and immediately begin a retreat up stairs with all possible expedition

"Here's mysteries!" said the damsel, when she was safe in her own room again, quite out of breath "Oh gracious, here's mysteries!"

The prospect of finding anybody out in anything would have kept Miss Miggs awake under the influence of henbane. Presently, she heard the step again, as she would have done if it had been that of a feather endowed with motion and walking down on tiptoe. Then gliding out as before, she again beheld the retreating figure of the 'prentice; again he looked cautiously in at the parlour door, but this time, instead of retreating, he passed in and disappeared.

Miggs was back in her room, and had her head out of the window, before an elderly gentleman could have winked and recovered from it. Out he came at the street-door, shut it carefully behind him, tried it with his knee, and

swaggered off, putting something in his pocket as he went along. At this spectacle Miggs cried "Gracious!" again, and then, "Goodness gracious!" and then, "Goodness gracious me!" and then, candle in hand, went down stairs as he had done. Coming to the workshop, she saw the lamp burning on the forge, and everything as Sim had left it.

"Why, I wish I may only have a walking funeral, and never be buried decent with a mourning-coach and feathers, if the boy hasn't been and made a key for his own self!" cried Miggs. "Oh the little villain!"

This conclusion was not arrived at without consideration, and much peeping and peering about, nor was it unassisted by the recollection that she had on several occasions come upon the 'prentice suddenly, and found him busy at some mysterious occupation. Lest the fact of Miss Miggs calling him, on whom she stooped to cast a favourable eye, a boy, should create surprise in any breast, it may be observed that she invariably affected to regard all male bipeds under thirty as mere chits and infants, which phenomenon is not unusual in ladies of Miss Miggs's temper, and is indeed generally found to be the associate of such indomitable and savage virtue.

Miss Miggs deliberated within herself for some little time, looking hard at the shop-door while she did so, as though her eyes and thoughts were both upon it, and then, taking a sheet of paper from a drawer, twisted it into a long thin spiral tube. Having filled this instrument with a quantity of small coal-dust from the forge, she approached the door, and dropping on one knee before it, dexterously blew into the keyhole as much of these fine ashes as the lock would hold. When she had filled it to the brim in a very workmanlike and skilful manner, she crept up stairs again, and chuckled as she went.

"There!" cried Miggs, rubbing her hands, "now let's

see whether you won't be glad to take some notice of me, mister. He, he, he! You'll have eyes for somebody besides Miss Dolly now, I think. A fat-faced puss she is, as ever *I* come across!"

As she uttered this criticism, she glanced approvingly at her small mirror, as who should say, I thank my stars that can't be said of me!—as it certainly could not, for Miss Miggs's style of beauty was of that kind which Mr Tappertit himself had not inaptly termed, in private, "scraggy"

"I don't go to bed this night!" said Miggs, wrapping herself in a shawl, drawing a couple of chairs near the window, flouncing down upon one, and putting her feet upon the other, "till you come home, my lad I wouldn't," said Miggs viciously, "no, not for five-and-forty pound!"

With that, and with an expression of face in which a great number of opposite ingredients, such as mischief, cunning, malice, triumph, and patient expectation, were all mixed up together in a kind of physiognomical punch, Miss Miggs composed herself to wait and listen, like some fair ogress who had set a trap and was watching for a nibble from a plump young traveller

She sat there, with perfect composure, all night At length, just upon break of day, there was a footstep in the street, and presently she could hear Mr Tappertit stop at the door Then she could make out that he tried his key—that he was blowing into it—that he knocked it on the nearest post to beat the dust out—that he took it under a lamp to look at it—that he poked bits of stick into the lock to clear it—that he peeped into the keyhole, first with one eye, and then with the other—that he tried the key again—that he couldn't turn it, and what was worse couldn't get it out—that he bent it—that then it was much less disposed to come out than before—that he gave it a mighty twist and a great pull, and then it came out so suddenly that he staggered backwards—that he kicked the door—that he

shook it—finally, that he smote his forehead, and sat down on the step in despair

When this crisis had arrived, Miss Miggs, affecting to be exhausted with terror, and to cling to the window-sill for support, put out her nightcap, and demanded in a faint voice who was there

Mr Tappertit cried "Hush!" and, backing into the road, exhorted her in frenzied pantomime to secrecy and silence

"Tell me one thing," said Miggs "Is it thieves?"

"No—no—no!" cried Mr Tappertit

"Then," said Miggs, more faintly than before, "it's fire Where is it, sir? It's near this room, I know I've a good conscience, sir, and would much rather die than go down a ladder All I wish is, respecting my love to my married sister, Golden Lion Court, number twenty-sixin, second bell-handle on the right-hand door-post "

"Miggs!" cried Mr Tappertit, "don't you know me? Sim, you know—Sim——"

"Oh! what about him!" cried Miggs, clasping her hands "Is he in any danger? Is he in the midst of flames and blazes? Oh gracious, gracious!"

"Why I'm here, an't I?" rejoined Mr Tappertit, knocking himself on the breast "Don't you see me? What a fool you are, Miggs!"

"There!" cried Miggs, unmindful of this compliment. "Why—so it—Goodness, what is the meaning of—If you please, mim, here's——"

"No, no!" cried Mr Tappertit, standing on tiptoe, as if by that means he, in the street, were any nearer being able to stop the mouth of Miggs in the garret "Don't!—I've been out without leave, and something or another's the matter with the lock Come down, and undo the shop window, that I may get in that way."

"I dursn't do it, Simmun," cried Miggs—for that was

her pronunciation of his Christian name. "I dursn't do it, indeed. You know as well as anybody, how particular I am. And to come down in the dead of night, when the house is wrapped in slumbers and weiled in obscurity" And there she stopped and shivered, for her modesty caught cold at the very thought.

"But Miggs," cried Mr Tappertit, getting under the lamp, that she might see his eyes "My darling Miggs——"

Miggs screamed slightly

"—That I love so much, and never can help thinking of,—" and it is impossible to describe the use he made of his eyes when he said this—"do—for my sake, do"

"Oh, Simmun," cried Miggs, "that is worse than all I know if I come down, you'll go, and——"

"And what, my precious?" said Mr Tappertit

"And try," said Miggs hysterically, "to kiss me, or some such dreadfulness, I know you will!"

"I swear I won't," said Mr Tappertit, with remarkable earnestness "Upon my soul I won't. It's getting broad day and the watchman's waking up Angelic Miggs! If you'll only come and let me in, I promise you faithfully and truly I won't."

Miss Miggs, whose gentle heart was touched, did not wait for the oath (knowing how strong the temptation was, and fearing he might forswear himself), but tripped lightly down the stairs, and with her own fair hands drew back the rough fastenings of the workshop window. Having helped the wayward 'prentice in, she faintly articulated the words "Simmun is safe!" and yielding to her woman's nature, immediately became insensible

"I knew I should quench her," said Sim, rather embarrassed by this circumstance "Of course I was certain it would come to this, but there was nothing else to be done—if I hadn't eyed her over, she wouldn't have come down. Hese. Keep up a minute, Miggs. What a slippery figure

she is! There's no holding her, comfortably Do keep up a minute, Miggs, will you?"

As Miggs, however, was deaf to all entreaties, Mr Tappertit leant her against the wall as one might dispose of a walking-stick or umbrella, until he had secured the window, when he took her in his arms again, and, in short stages and with great difficulty—arising mainly from her being tall and his being short, and perhaps in some degree from that peculiar conformation on which he had already remarked—carried her up stairs, and planting her, in the same umbrella or walking-stick fashion, just inside her own door, left her to her repose

"He may be as cool as he likes," said Miss Miggs, recovering as soon as she was left alone, "but I'm in his confidence and he can't help himself, nor couldn't if he was twenty Simmunes!"

DICKENS, *Barnaby Rudge*.

THE 29TH DECEMBER

There was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral beside the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise*—a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Monsieur Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked

up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes such as no painter's palette has the colour to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young lord's countenance; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep

But the music ceasing, my lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book), and said, "Look, mother!" so loud, that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a warning finger to Frank, Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over, Mr Esmond did not hear them, nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and, running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry!" he said, "are you come back? Have you been to the wars? You'll take me with you when you go again? Why didn't you write to us? Come to mother!"

Mr Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy!" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part: and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place: for he knew

not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said "I thought you might come"

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth Why did you not come from Portsmouth?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called

Esmond had thought of that too He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more, but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand, there was only her marriage ring on it The quarrel was all over The year of grief and estrangement was passed They never had been separated His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time No, not once No, not in the prison, nor in the camp, nor on shore before the enemy, nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight, nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theatre yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth—goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses, and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was,

weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The Chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your Lordship remembers *Septims, Gades adsture mecum?*"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher," says Mr Esmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there)—"a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honoured patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, Madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your Ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my lord. "Mother, I shall run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honour, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way; and that 'twas a

pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castlewood. and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself I often said so to my dear lord. How he loved you! 'Twas my lord that made you stay with us "

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr Esmond

"But to go was best, Harry When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it, but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman; and that was always wild in youth Look at Francis He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next Lord Marlborough has been good to us You know how kind they were in my misfortune And so was your—your father's widow No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court, and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you—has she not?"

Esmond said, "Yes As far as present favour went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change," he added, gaily, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world, and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion!" Indeed, he had found patrons

already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him too; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the grey twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued, "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it. how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child. but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his death-bed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," said the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr Atterbury, of St Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner," Mr Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been, and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr Atterbury,—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and

weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him'; I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke, she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis*

morier—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

THACKERAY, *The History of Henry Esmond*

M. PAUL. A BRONTË HERO

M Paul Emanuel owned an acute sensitiveness to the annoyance of interruption, from whatsoever cause occurring, during his lessons to pass through the classe under such circumstances was considered by the teachers and pupils of the school, individually and collectively, to be as much as a woman's or girl's life was worth

Madame Beck herself, if forced to the enterprise, would "skurry" through, retrenching her skirts, and carefully coasting the formidable estrade, like a ship dreading breakers. As to Rosine, the portress—on whom, every half-hour, devolved the fearful duty of fetching pupils out of the very heart of one or other of the divisions to take their music-lessons in the oratory, the great or little salon, the *salle-à-manger*, or some other piano-station—she would, upon her second or third attempt, frequently become almost tongue-tied from excess of consternation—a sentiment inspired by the unspeakable looks levelled at her through a pair of dart-dealing spectacles

One morning I was sitting in the carré, at work upon a piece of embroidery which one of the pupils had commenced but delayed to finish, and while my fingers wrought at the frame, my ears regaled themselves with listening to the crescendos and cadences of a voice haranguing in the neighbouring classe, in tones that waxed momentarily more unquiet, more ominously varied. There was a good strong partition-wall between me and the gathering storm,

as well as a facile means of flight through the glass-door to the court, in case it swept this way, so I am afraid I derived more amusement than alarm from these thickening symptoms. Poor Rosine was not safe four times that blessed morning had she made the passage of peril, and now, for the fifth time, it became her dangerous duty to snatch, as it were, a brand from the burning—a pupil from under M. Paul's nose.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" cried she. "Que vais-je devenir? Monsieur va me tuer, je suis sûre, car il est d'une colère!"

Nerved by the courage of desperation, she opened the door.

"Mademoiselle La Malle au piano!" was her cry. Ere she could make good her retreat, or quite close the door, this voice uttered itself—

"Dès ce moment!—la classe est défendue. La première qui ouvrira cette porte, ou passera par cette division, sera pendue—fut-ce Madame Beck elle-même!"

Ten minutes had not succeeded the promulgation of this decree when Rosine's French pantoufles were again heard shuffling along the corridor.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "I would not for a five-franc piece go into that classe again just now. Monsieur's lunettes are really terrible, and here is a commissionaire come with a message from the Athénée. I have told Madame Beck I dare not deliver it, and she says I am to charge you with it."

"Me? No, that is rather too bad! It is not in my line of duty. Come, come, Rosine! bear your own burden. Be brave—charge once more!"

"I, Mademoiselle?—impossible! Five times I have crossed him this day. Madame must really hire a gendarme for this service. Ouf! Je n'en puis plus!"

"Bah! you are only a coward. What is the message?"

"Precisely of the kind with which Monsieur least likes to be pestered: an urgent summons to go directly to the Athénée, as there is an official visitor—inspector—I know not what—arrived, and Monsieur *must* meet him: you know how he hates a *must*."

Yes, I knew well enough. The restive little man detested spur or curb. against whatever was urgent or obligatory, he was sure to revolt. However, I accepted the responsibility—not, certainly, without fear, but fear blent with other sentiments, curiosity amongst them. I opened the door, I entered, I closed it behind me as quickly and quietly as a rather unsteady hand would permit, for to be slow or bustling, to rattle a latch, or leave a door gaping wide, were aggravations of crime often more disastrous in result than the main crime itself. There I stood then, and there he sat; his humour was visibly bad—almost at its worst, he had been giving a lesson in arithmetic—for he gave lessons on any and every subject that struck his fancy—and arithmetic being a dry subject, invariably disagreed with him: not a pupil but trembled when he spoke of figures. He sat, bent above his desk to look up at the sound of an entrance, at the occurrence of a direct breach of his will and law, was an effort he could not for the moment bring himself to make. It was quite as well. I thus gained time to walk up the long classe, and it suited my idiosyncrasy far better to encounter the near burst of anger like his, than to bear its menace at a distance.

At his estrade I paused, just in front, of course I was not worthy of immediate attention. he proceeded with his lesson. Disdain would not do: he must hear and he must answer my message.

Not being quite tall enough to lift my head over his desk, elevated upon the estrade, and thus suffering eclipse in my present position, I ventured to peep round, with the design, at first, of merely getting a better view of his

face, which had struck me when I entered as bearing a close and picturesque resemblance to that of a black and fallow tiger. Twice did I enjoy this side-view with impunity, advancing and receding unseen, the third time my eye had scarce dawned beyond the obscuration of the desk, when it was caught and transfixed through its very pupil—transfixed by the “lunettes.” Rosine was right, these utensils had in them a blank and immutable terror, beyond the mobile wrath of the wearer’s own unglazed eyes.

I now found the advantage of proximity—these short-sighted “lunettes” were useless for the inspection of a criminal under Monsieur’s nose, accordingly, he doffed them, and he and I stood on more equal terms.

I am glad I was not really much afraid of him—that, indeed, close in his presence, I felt no terror at all, for upon his demanding cord and gibbet to execute the sentence recently pronounced, I was able to furnish him with a needleful of embroidering thread with such accommodating civility as could not but allay some portion at least of his surplus irritation. Of course I did not parade this courtesy before public view. I merely handed the thread round the angle of the desk, and attached it, ready noosed, to the barred back of the Professor’s chair.

“Que me voulez-vous?” said he, in a growl of which the music was wholly confined to his chest and throat, for he kept his teeth clenched, and seemed registering to himself an inward vow that nothing earthly should wring from him a smile. My answer commenced uncompromisingly—

“Monsieur,” I said, “je veux l’impossible, des choses inouïes”; and thinking it best not to mince matters, but to administer the “douche” with decision, in a low but quick voice, I delivered the Athenian message, floridly exaggerating its urgency.

Of course, he would not hear a word of it. “He would

not go; he would not leave his present class, let all the officials of Villette send for him. He would not put himself an inch out of his way at the bidding of king, cabinet, and chambers together."

I knew, however, that he *must* go, that, talk as he would, both his duty and interest commanded an immediate and literal compliance with the summons. I stood, therefore, waiting in silence, as if he had not yet spoken. He asked what more I wanted.

"Only Monsieur's answer to deliver to the commissaire."

He waved an impatient negative.

I ventured to stretch my hand to the bonnet-grec which lay in grim repose on the window-sill. He followed this daring movement with his eye, no doubt in mixed pity and amazement at its presumption.

"Ah!" he muttered, "if it came to that—if Miss Lucy meddled with his bonnet-grec—she might just put it on herself, turn garçon for the occasion, and benevolently go to the Athénée in his stead."

With great respect, I laid the bonnet on the desk, where its tassel seemed to give me an awful nod.

"I'll write a note of apology—that will do!" said he, still bent on evasion.

Knowing well it would *not* do, I gently pushed the bonnet towards his hand. Thus impelled, it slid down the polished slope of the varnished and unbaized desk, carried before it the light steel-framed "lunettes," and, fearful to relate, they fell to the estrade. A score of times ere now had I seen them fall and receive no damage—*this* time, as Lucy Snowe's hapless luck would have it, they so fell that each clear pebble became a shivered and shapeless star.

Now, indeed, dismay seized me—dismay and regret. I knew the value of these "lunettes": M. Paul's sight

was peculiar, not easily fitted, and these glasses suited him. I had heard him call them his treasures as I picked them up, cracked and worthless, my hand trembled. Frightened through all my nerves I was to see the mischief I had done, but I think I was even more sorry than afraid. For some seconds I dared not look the bereaved Professor in the face; he was the first to speak

"Là!" said he "me voilà veuf de mes lunettes! I think Mademoiselle Lucy will now confess that the cord and gallows are amply earned, she trembles in anticipation of her doom Ah, traitress! traitress! You are resolved to have me quite blind and helpless in your hands!"

I lifted my eyes his face, instead of being irate, lowering, and furrowed, was overflowing with the smile, coloured with the bloom I had seen brightening it that evening at the Hotel Crécy He was not angry—not even grieved For the real injury he showed himself full of clemency, under the real provocation, patient as a saint This event, which seemed so untoward—which I thought had ruined at once my chance of successful persuasion—proved my best help Difficult of management so long as I had done him no harm, he became graciously pliant as soon as I stood in his presence a conscious and contrite offender

Still gently railing at me as "*une forte femme—une Anglaise terrible—une petite casse-tout*"—he declared that he dared not but obey one who had given such an instance of her dangerous prowess, it was absolutely like the "*grand Empereur*" smashing the vase to inspire dismay So, at last, crowning himself with his *bonnet-grec*, and taking his ruined "*lunettes*" from my hand with a clasp of kind pardon and encouragement, he made his bow, and went off to the *Athénée* in first-rate humour and spirits.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, *Villetta*.

A VISIT TO AN OLD BACHELOR

We had pudding before meat; and I thought Mr Holbrook was going to make some apology for his old-fashioned ways, for he began—

"I don't know whether you like new-fangled ways "

"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Matty.

"No more do I," said he My housekeeper *will* have these in her new fashion, or else I tell her that, when I was a young man, we used to keep strictly to my father's rule, 'No broth, no ball, no ball, no beer', and always began dinner with broth. Then we had suet puddings, boiled in the broth with the beef, and then the meat itself. If we did not sup our broth, we had no ball, which we liked a deal better, and the beef came last of all, and only those had it who had done justice to the broth and to the ball Now folks begin with sweet things, and turn their dinners topsy-turvy "

When the duck and green peas came, we looked at each other in dismay, we had only two-pronged black handled forks It is true the steel was as bright as silver, but what were we to do? Miss Matty picked up her peas, one by one, on the point of the prongs much as Aminé ate her grains of rice after her previous feast with the Ghoul Miss Pole sighed over her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted, for they *would* drop between the prongs I looked at my host the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shovelled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not muster up courage enough to do an ungenteel thing; and, if Mr Holbrook had not been so heartily hungry, he would probably have seen that the peas went away almost untouched.

After dinner a clay pipe was brought in, and a spittoon; and, asking us to retire to another room, where he would

soon join us, if we disliked tobacco-smoke, he presented his pipe to Miss Matty, and requested her to fill the bowl. This was a compliment to a lady in his youth, but it was rather inappropriate to propose it as an honour to Miss Matty, who had been trained by her sister to hold smoking of every kind in utter abhorrence. But if it was a shock to her refinement, it was also a gratification to her feelings to be thus selected, so she daintily stuffed the strong tobacco into the pipe, and then we withdrew.

"It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," said Miss Matty softly, as we settled ourselves in the counting-house. "I only hope it is not improper, so many things pleasant are!"

MRS GASKELL, *Cranford*

THE MISER'S BABY

Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtailed off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough, and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch, and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent, then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of "mammy," and an effort to regain the pillowing arm.

and boom; but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running towards it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught, and in an instant the child had slipped on all-fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place, and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's greatcoat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands towards the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. Since the oncoming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there.

He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while—there was really something on the road coming towards him then, but he caught no sign of it, and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it. he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a

year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?* He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door.

But there was a cry on the hearth the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles.

He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Silas Marner*.

THE DEATH OF MARGARET

He watched beside her, more dead than alive himself.

When the day broke she awoke, and seemed to acquire some energy. She begged him to look in her box for her marriage lines and for a picture, and bring them both to her. He did so. She then entreated him by all they had suffered for each other, to ease her mind by making a solemn vow to execute her dying requests.

He vowed to obey them to the letter.

"Then, Gerard, let no creature come here to lay me out. I could not bear to be stared at; my very corpse would

blush. Also I would not be made a monster of for the worms to sneer at as well as feed on. Also my very clothes are tainted, and shall to earth with me. I am a physician's daughter; and ill becomes me kill folk, being dead, which did so little good to men in the days of health; wherefore lap me in lead, the way I am, and bury me deep! yet not so deep but what one day thou mayst find the way, and lay thy bones by mine

"Whiles I lived I went to Gouda but once or twice a week. It cost me not to go each day. Let me gain this by dying, to be always at dear Gouda—in the green kirkyard

"Also they do say the spirit hovers where the body lies; I would have my spirit hover near thee, and the kirkyard is not far from the manse I am so afeard some ill will happen thee, Margaret being gone.

"And see, with mine own hands I place my marriage lines in my bosom Let no living hand move them, on pain of thy curse and mine. Then when the angel comes for me at the last day, he shall say, this is an honest woman, she hath her marriage lines (for you know I am your lawful wife, though Holy Church hath come between us), and he will set me where the honest women be I will not sit among ill women, no, not in heaven, for their mind is not my mind, nor their soul my soul I have stood, unbeknown, at my window, and heard their talk "

For some time she was unable to say any more, but made signs to him that she had not done

At last she recovered her breath, and bade him look at the picture.

It was the portrait he had made of her when they were young together, and little thought to part so soon. He held it in his hands and looked at it, but could scarce see it. He had left it in fragments, but now it was whole.

"They cut it to pieces, Gerard; but—see, Love mocked at their knives.

"I implore thee with my dying breath, let this picture hang ever in thine eye

"I have heard that such as die of the plague, unspotted, yet after death spots have been known to come out, and oh, I could not bear thy last memory of me to be so Therefore, as soon as the breath is out of my body, cover my face with this handkerchief, and look at me no more till we meet again, 'twill not be so very long O promise "

"I promise," said Gerard, sobbing

"But look on this picture instead Forgive me, I am but a woman I could not bear my face to lie a foul thing in thy memory Nay, I must have thee still think me as fair as I was true Hast called me an angel once or twice, but be just! did I not still tell thee I was no angel, but only a poor simple woman, that whiles saw clearer than thou because she looked but a little way, and that loves thee dearly, and never loved but thee, and now with her dying breath prays thee indulge her in this, thou that art a man "

"I will I will Each word, each wish, is sacred "

"Bless thee! Bless thee! So then the eyes that now can scarce see thee, they are so troubled by the pest, and the lips that shall not touch thee to taint thee, will still be before thee as they were when we were young and thou didst love me "

"When I did love thee, Margaret! Oh, never loved I thee as now "

"Hast not told me so of late "

"Alas! hath love no voice but words? I was a priest; I had charge of thy soul, the sweet offices of a pure love were lawful, words of love imprudent at the least. But now the good fight is won, ah me! Oh my love, if thou hast lived doubting of thy Gerard's heart, die not so; for never was woman loved so tenderly as thou this ten years past."

"Calm thyself, dear one," said the dying woman, with a heavenly smile. "I know it; only being but a woman, I could not die happy till I had heard thee say so Ah! I have pined ten years for those sweet words Hast said them, and this is the happiest hour of my life. I had to die to get them; well, I grudge not the price"

CHARLES READE, *The Cloister and the Hearth*

FAIRIES

Some people think that there are no fairies Cousin Cramchild tells little folks so in his Conversations Well, perhaps there are none—in Boston, U S, where he was raised There are only a clumsy lot of spirits there, who can't make people hear without thumping on the table but they get their living thereby, and I suppose that is all they want And Aunt Agitate, in her Arguments on political economy, says there are none Well, perhaps there are none—in her political economy But it is a wide world, my little man—and thank heaven for it, for else, between crinolines and theories, some of us would get squashed—and plenty of room in it for fairies, without people seeing them; unless, of course, they look in the right place The most wonderful and strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see There is life in you, and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move, and think and yet you can't see it And there is steam in a steam-engine, and that is what makes it move: and yet you can't see it, and so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what makes the world go round to the old tune of

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait la monde à la ronde"

and yet no one may be able to see them except those whose

hearts are going round to that same tune At all events, we will make believe that there are fairies in the world It will not be the last time by many a one that we shall have to make believe. And yet, after all, there is no need for that There must be fairies, for this is a fairy tale and how can one have a fairy tale if there are no fairies?

You don't see the logic of that? Perhaps not Then please not to see the logic of a great many arguments exactly like it, which you will hear before your beard is grey

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Water-Babies*

MRS PROUDIE THE BISHOP'S WIFE

The bishop returned on the eve of the Ullathorne party, and was received at home with radiant smiles by the partner of all his cares. On his arrival he crept up to his dressing-room with somewhat of a palpitating heart, he had overstayed his allotted time by three days, and was not without much fear of penalties Nothing, however, could be more affectionately cordial than the greeting he received the girls came out and kissed him in a manner that was quite soothing to his spirit, and Mrs Proudie, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," squeezed him in her arms, and almost in words called him her dear, darling, good, pet, little bishop All this was a very pleasant surprise

Mrs Proudie had somewhat changed her tactics, not that she had seen any cause to disapprove of her former line of conduct, but she had now brought matters to such a point that she calculated that she might safely do so She had got the better of Mr Slope, and she now thought well to show her husband that when allowed to get the better of everybody, when obeyed by him and permitted

to rule over others, she would take care that he should have his reward

"I am told," said Mrs Proudie, speaking very slowly, "that Mr Slope is looking to be the new dean "

"Yes,—certainly, I believe he is," said the bishop.

"And what does the archbishop say about that?" asked Mrs Proudie.

"Well, my dear, to tell the truth, I promised Mr Slope to speak to the archbishop Mr Slope spoke to me about it. It is very arrogant of him, I must say,—but that is nothing to me "

"Arrogant!" said Mrs Proudie, "it is the most impudent piece of pretension I ever heard of in my life Mr Slope dean of Barchester, indeed! And what did you do in the matter, bishop?"

"Why, my dear, I did speak to the archbishop "

"You don't mean to tell me," said Mrs Proudie, "that you are going to make yourself ridiculous by lending your name to such a preposterous attempt as this? Mr Slope dean of Barchester, indeed!" And she tossed her head, and put her arms a-kimbo, with an air of confident defiance that made her husband quite sure that Mr Slope never would be dean of Barchester In truth, Mrs Proudie was all but invincible, had she married Petruchio, it may be doubted whether that arch wife-tamer would have been able to keep her legs out of those garments which are presumed by men to be peculiarly unfitted for feminine use.

"It is preposterous, my dear."

"Then why have you endeavoured to assist him?"

"Why,—my dear, I haven't assisted him—much."

"But why have you done it at all? why have you mixed your name up in anything so ridiculous? What was it you did say to the archbishop?"

"Why, I just did mention it; I just did say that—

that in the event of the poor dean's death, Mr Slope would—would——”

“Would what?”

“I forget how I put it,—would take it if he could get it; something of that sort I didn't say much more than that.”

“You shouldn't have said anything at all And what did the archbishop say?”

“He didn't say anything, he just bowed and rubbed his hands Somebody else came up at the moment, and as we were discussing the new parochial universal school committee, the matter of the new dean dropped, after that I didn't think it wise to renew it ”

“Renew it! I am very sorry you ever mentioned it What will the archbishop think of you?”

“You may be sure, my dear, the archbishop thought very little about it ”

“But why did you think about it, bishop? how could you think of making such a creature as that dean of Barchester?—Dean of Barchester! I suppose he'll be looking for a bishopric some of these days,—a man that hardly knows who his own father was, a man that I found without bread to his mouth, or a coat to his back Dean of Barchester, indeed! I'll dean him ”

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, *Barchester Towers*

MY FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY

October shone royally on Richard's fourteenth birthday. The brown beechwoods and golden birches glowed to a brilliant sun. Banks of moveless cloud hung about the horizon, mounded to the west, where slept the wind. Promise of a great day for Raynham, as it proved to be, though not in the manner marked out.

Already archery-booths and cricketing-tents were rising on the lower grounds towards the river, whither the lads of Bursley and Lobourne, in boats and in carts, shouting for a day of ale and honour, jogged merrily to match themselves anew, and pluck at the living laurel from each other's brows, like manly Britons. The whole park was beginning to be astir and resound with holiday cries. Sir Austin Feverel, a thorough good Tory, was no game-preservee, and could be popular whenever he chose, which Sir Miles Papworth, on the other side of the river, a fast-handed Whig and terror to poachers, never could be. Half the village of Lobourne was seen trooping through the avenues of the park. Fiddlers and gipsies clamoured at the gates for admission. White smocks, and slate, surmounted by hats of serious brim, and now and then a scarlet cloak, smacking of the old country, dotted the grassy sweeps to the levels.

And all the time the star of these festivities was receding further and further, and eclipsing himself with his reluctant serf Ripton, who kept asking what they were to do and where they were going, and how late it was in the day, and suggesting that the lads of Lobourne would be calling out for them, and Sir Austin requiring their presence, without getting any attention paid to his misery or remonstrances. For Richard had been requested by his father to submit to medical examination like a boor enlisting for a soldier, and he was in great wrath.

He was flying as though he would have flown from the shameful thought of what had been asked of him. By-and-by he communicated his sentiments to Ripton, who said they were those of a girl: an offensive remark, remembering which, Richard, after they had borrowed a couple of guns at the bailiff's farm, and Ripton had fired badly, called his friend a fool.

Feeling that circumstances were making him look

wonderfully like one, Ripton lifted his head and retorted defiantly, "I'm not!"

This angry contradiction, so very uncalled for, annoyed Richard, who was still smarting at the loss of the birds, owing to Ripton's bad shot, and was really the injured party. He therefore bestowed the abusive epithet on Ripton anew, and with increase of emphasis

"You shan't call me so, then, whether I am or not," says Ripton, and sucks his lips

This was becoming personal. Richard sent up his brows, and stared at his defier an instant. He then informed him that he certainly should call him so, and would not object to call him so twenty times

"Do it, and see!" returns Ripton, rocking on his feet, and breathing quick

With a gravity of which only boys and other barbarians are capable, Richard went through the entire number, stressing the epithet to increase the defiance and avoid monotony, as he progressed, while Ripton bobbed his head every time in assent, as it were, to his comrade's accuracy, and as a record for his profound humiliation. The dog they had with them gazed at the extraordinary performance with interrogating wags of the tail

Twenty times, duly and deliberately, Richard repeated the obnoxious word

At the twentieth solemn iteration of Ripton's capital shortcoming, Ripton delivered a smart back-hander on Richard's mouth, and squared precipitately, perhaps sorry when the deed was done, for he was a kind-hearted lad, and as Richard simply bowed in acknowledgment of the blow he thought he had gone too far. He did not know the young gentleman he was dealing with. Richard was extremely cool.

"Shall we fight here?" he said

"Anywhere you like," replied Ripton

"A little more into the wood, I think. We may be interrupted." And Richard led the way with a courteous reserve that somewhat chilled Ripton's ardour for the contest. On the skirts of the wood, Richard threw off his jacket and waistcoat, and, quite collected, waited for Ripton to do the same. The latter boy was flushed and restless, older and broader, but not so tight-limbed and well-set. The Gods, sole witnesses of their battle, betted dead against him. Richard had mounted the white cockade of the Feverels, and there was a look in him that asked for tough work to extinguish. His brows, slightly lined upward at the temples, converging to a knot about the well-set straight nose, his full gray-eyes, open nostrils, and planted feet, and a gentlemanly air of calm and alertness, formed a spirited picture of a young combatant. As for Ripton, he was all abroad, and fought in school-boy style—that is, he rushed at the foe head foremost, and struck like a windmill. He was a lumpy boy. When he did hit, he made himself felt, but he was at the mercy of science. To see him come dashing in, blinking and puffing and whirling his arms abroad while the felling blow went straight between them, you perceived that he was fighting a fight of desperation, and knew it. For the dreaded alternative glared him in the face that, if he yielded, he must look like what he had been twenty times calumniously called; and he would die rather than yield, and swing his windmill till he dropped. Poor boy! he dropped frequently. The gallant fellow fought for appearances, and down he went. The Gods favour one of two parties. Prince Turnus was a noble youth; but he had not Pallas at his elbow. Ripton was a capital boy; he had no science. He could not prove he was not a fool! When one comes to think of it, Ripton did choose the only possible way, and we should all of us have considerable difficulty in proving the negative by any other. Ripton came on the unerring fist again and

again; and if it was true, as he said in short colloquial gasps, that he required as much beating as an egg to be beaten thoroughly, a fortunate interruption alone saved our friend from resembling that substance. The boys heard summoning voices, and beheld Mr Morton of Poer Hall and Austin Wentworth stepping towards them.

A truce was sounded, jackets were caught up, guns shouldered, and off they trotted in concert through the depths of the wood, not stopping till that and half-a-dozen fields and a larch plantation were well behind them.

When they halted to take breath, there was a mutual study of faces. Ripton's was much discoloured, and looked fiercer with its natural war-paint than the boy felt. Nevertheless, he squared up dauntlessly on the new ground, and Richard, whose wrath was appeased, could not refrain from asking him whether he had not really had enough.

"Never!" shouts the noble enemy.

"Well, look here," said Richard, appealing to common sense, "I'm tired of knocking you down. I'll say you're not a fool, if you'll give me your hand."

Ripton demurred an instant to consult with honour, who bade him catch at his chance.

He held out his hand. "There!" and the boys grasped hands and were fast friends. Ripton had gained his point, and Richard decidedly had the best of it. So they were on equal ground. Both could claim a victory, which was all the better for their friendship.

Ripton washed his face and comforted his nose at a brook, and was now ready to follow his friend wherever he chose to lead. They continued to beat about for birds. The birds on the Raynham estates were found singularly cunning, and repeatedly eluded the aim of these prime shots, so they pushed their expedition into the lands of their neighbours, in search of a stupider race, happily oblivious of the laws and conditions of trespass; unconscious, too, that they

were poaching on the demesne of the notorious Farmer Blaize, the free-trade farmer under the shield of the Papworths, no worshipper of the Griffin between two Wheatsheaves, destined to be much allied with Richard's fortunes from beginning to end. Farmer Blaize hated poachers, and especially young chaps poaching, who did it mostly from impudence. He heard the audacious shots popping right and left, and going forth to have a glimpse at the intruders, and observing their size, swore he would teach my gentlemen a thing, lords or no lords.

Richard had brought down a beautiful cock-pheasant, and was exulting over it, when the farmer's portentous figure burst upon them, cracking an avenging horse-whip. His salute was ironical.

"Havin' good sport, gentlemen, are ye?"

"Just bagged a splendid bird!" radiant Richard informed him.

"Oh!" Farmer Blaize gave an admonitory flick of the whip.

"Just let me clap eye on't, then."

"Say, please," interposed Ripton, who was not blind to doubtful aspects.

Farmer Blaize threw up his chin, and grinned grimly.

"Please to you, sir? Why, my chap, you looks as if ye didn't much mind what come t'yer nose, I reckon. You looks an old poacher, you do. Tall ye what 'tis!" He changed his banter to business, "That bird's mine! Now you jest hand him over, and sheer off, you dam young scoundrels! I know ye!" And he became exceedingly opprobrious, and uttered contempt of the name of Feverel.

Richard opened his eyes.

"If you wants to be horsewhipped, you'll stay where y'are!" continued the farmer. "Giles Blaize never stands nonsense!"

"Then we'll stay," quoth Richard.

"Good! so be't! If you will have't, have't, my men!"

As a preparatory measure, Farmer Blaize seized a wing of the bird, on which both boys flung themselves desperately, and secured it minus the pinion

"That's your game," cried the farmer "Here's a taste of horsewhip for ye I never stands nonsense!" and sweetch went the mighty whip, well swayed The boys tried to close with him He kept his distance and lashed without mercy Black blood was made by Farmer Blaize that day! The boys wriggled, in spite of themselves It was like a relentless serpent coiling, and biting, and stinging their young veins to madness Probably they felt the disgrace of the contortions they were made to go through more than the pain, but the pain was fierce, for the farmer laid about from a practised arm, and did not consider that he had done enough till he was well breathed and his ruddy jowl inflamed He paused, to receive the remainder of the cock-pheasant in his face

"Take your beastly bird," cried Richard

"Money, my lads, and interest," roared the farmer, lashing out again

Shameful as it was to retreat, there was but that course open to them They decided to surrender the field

"Look! you big brute," Richard shook his gun, hoarse with passion, "I'd have shot you, if I'd been loaded Mind! if I come across you when I'm loaded, you coward, I'll fire!"

The un-English nature of this threat exasperated Farmer Blaize, and he pressed the pursuit in time to bestow a few farewell stripes as they were escaping tight-breeched into neutral territory.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

FATHER AND SON

All dinner-time there reigned over the Judge's table a palpable silence, and as soon as the solids were despatched he rose to his feet

'M'Killup, tak' the wine into my room,' said he, and then to his son 'Archie, you and me has to have a talk.'

It was at this sickening moment that Archie's courage, for the first and last time, entirely deserted him 'I have an appointment,' said he

'It'll have to be broken, then,' said Hermiston, and led the way into his study.

The lamp was shaded, the fire trimmed to a nicety, the table covered deep with orderly documents, the backs of law books made a frame upon all sides that was only broken by the window and the doors

For a moment Hermiston warmed his hands at the fire, presenting his back to Archie, then suddenly disclosed on him the terrors of the Hanging Face

'What's this I hear of ye?' he asked

There was no answer possible to Archie

'I'll have to tell ye, then,' pursued Hermiston. 'It seems ye've been skirling against the father that begot ye, and one of his Majesty's Judges in this land, and that in the public street, and while an order of the Court was being executit Forbye which, it would appear that ye've been airing your opeenions in a Coallege Debatin' Society', he paused a moment and then, with extraordinary bitterness, added. 'Ye damned eediot'

'I had meant to tell you,' stammered Archie 'I see you are well informed'

'Muckle obleeged to ye,' said his lordship, and took his usual seat. 'And so you disapprove of Caapital Punishment?' he added.

'I am sorry, sir, I do,' said Archie.

'I am sorry, too,' said his lordship. 'And now, if you please, we shall approach this business with a little more partecularity I hear that at the hanging of Duncan Jopp—and, man! ye had a fine client there—in the middle of all the riff-raff of the ceety, ye thought fit to cry out, "This is a damned murder, and my gorge rises at the man that haangit him "'

'No, sir, these were not my words,' cried Archie

'What were yer words, then?' asked the Judge

'I believe I said, "I denounce it as a murder!"' said the son 'I beg your pardon—a God-defying murder I have no wish to conceal the truth,' he added, and looked his father for a moment in the face

'God, it would only need that of it next!' cried Hermiston 'There was nothing about your gorge rising, then?'

'That was afterwards, my lord, as I was leaving the Speculative I said I had been to see the miserable creature hanged, and my gorge rose at it'

'Did ye, though?' said Hermiston 'And I suppose ye knew who haangit him?'

'I was present at the trial, I ought to tell you that, I ought to explain I ask your pardon beforehand for any expression that may seem undutiful The position in which I stand is wretched,' said the unhappy hero, now fairly face to face with the business he had chosen 'I have been reading some of your cases I was present while Jopp was tried. It was a hideous business Father, it was a hideous thing! Grant he was vile, why should you hunt him with a vileness equal to his own? It was done with glee—that is the word—you did it with glee, and I looked on, God help me! with horror.'

'You're a young gentleman that doesna approve of Caapital Punishment,' said Hermiston. 'Weel, I'm an auld man that does. I was glad to get Jopp haangit, and what for would I pretend I wasna? You're all for honesty,

it seems; you couldn't even steik your mouth on the public street. What for should I steik mines upon the bench, the King's officer, bearing the sword, a dread to evil-doers, as I was from the beginning, and as I will be to the end! Mair than enough of it! Heedious! I never gave twa thoughts to heediousness, I have no call to be bonny. I'm a man that gets through with my day's business, and let that suffice'

The ring of sarcasm had died out of his voice as he went on, the plain words became invested with some of the dignity of the Justice-seat

'It would be telling you if you could say as much,' the speaker resumed 'But ye cannot Ye've been reading some of my cases, ye say But it was not for the law in them, it was to spy out your faither's nakedness, a fine employment in a son You're splairging, you're running at large in life like a wild nowt It's impossible you should think any longer of coming to the Bar You're not fit for it, no splairger is And another thing son of mines or no son of mines, you have flung fylement in public on one of the Senators of the Coallege of Justice, and I would make it my business to see that ye were never admitted there yourself There is a kind of a decency to be observit Then comes the next of it—what am I to do with ye next? Ye'll have to find some kind of a trade, for I'll never support ye in idleset What do ye fancy ye'll be fit for? The pulpit? Na, they could never get diveenity into that bloackhead. Him that the law of man whammles is no likely to do muckle better by the law of God What would ye make of hell? Wouldna your gorge rise at that? Na, there's no room for splairgers under the fower quarters of John Calvin. What else is there? Speak up Have ye got nothing of your own?'

'Father, let me go to the Peninsula,' said Archie. 'That's all I'm fit for—to fight.'

'All? quo' he!' returned the Judge 'And it would be enough too, if I thought it But I'll never trust ye so near the French, you that's so Frenchified'

'You do me injustice there, sir,' said Archie 'I am loyal, I will not boast, but any interest I may have ever felt in the French——'

'Have ye been so loyal to me?' interrupted his father
There came no reply

'I think not,' continued Hermiston 'And I would send no man to be a servant to the King, God bless him! that has proved such a shauchling son to his own father You can splairge here on Edinburgh street, and where's the harm? It doesna play buff on me! And if there were twenty thousand eediots like yourself, sorrow a Duncan Jopp would hang the fewer But there's no splairging possible in a camp, and if you were to go to it, you would find out for yourself whether Lord Well'n'ton approves of caapital punishment or not You a sodger!' he cried, with a sudden burst of scorn 'Ye auld wife, the sodjers would bray at ye like cuddies!'

As at the drawing of a curtain, Archie was aware of some illogicality in his position, and stood abashed He had a strong impression, besides, of the essential valour of the old gentleman before him, how conveyed it would be hard to say

'Well, have ye no other proposeetion?' said my lord again.

'You have taken this so calmly, sir, that I cannot but stand ashamed,' began Archie

'I'm nearer voamiting, though, than you would fancy,' said my lord

The blood rose to Archie's brow

'I beg your pardon, I should have said that you had accepted my affront ... I admit it was an affront, I did not think to apologise, but I do, I ask your pardon; it

will not be so again, I pass you my word of honour....I should have said that I admired your magnanimity with—this—offender,' Archie concluded with a gulp

'I have no other son, ye see,' said Hermiston 'A bonny one I have gotten! But I must just do the best I can wi' him, and what am I to do? If ye had been younger, I would have wheepit ye for this rideeculous exhibeetion The way it is, I have just to grin and bear But one thing is to be clearly understood As a faither, I must grin and bear it, but if I had been the Lord Advocate instead of the Lord Justice-Clerk, son or no son, Mr Erchibald Weir would have been in a jyle the night'

Archie was now dominated

R L STEVENSON, *Weir of Hermiston*

THE WHITE KNIGHT

She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life

He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer little deal box fastened across his shoulders upside-down, and with the lid hanging open Alice looked at it with great curiosity

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight said in a friendly tone "It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in"

"But the things can get out," Alice gently remarked "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them" He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike

him, and he hung it carefully on a tree "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head

"In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey "

"But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle," said Alice

"Yes, it's a very good bee-hive," the Knight said in a discontented tone, "one of the best kind But not a single bee has come near it yet And the other thing is a mouse-trap I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which "

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back "

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight, "but, if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about "

"You see," he went on after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for *everything* That's the reason the horse has anklets round his feet "

"But what are they for?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity

"To guard against the bites of sharks," the Knight replied "It's an invention of my own And now help me on I'll go with you to the end of the wood—What's that dish for?"

"It's meant for plum-cake," said Alice

"We'd better take it with us," the Knight said "It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake Help me to get it into this bag "

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. "It's rather a tight fit, you see," he said, as they got it in at last; "there

are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling

"That's hardly enough," he said, anxiously "You see the wind is so *very* strong here It's as strong as soup "

"Have you invented a plan for keeping one's hair from being blown off?" Alice enquired

"Not yet," said the Knight "But I've got a plan for keeping it from *falling* off "

"I should like to hear it very much "

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight "Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs *down*—things never fall *upwards*, you know It's my own invention You may try it if you like "

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was *not* a good rider

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front, and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind Other-wise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways, and as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk *quite* close to the horse.

* * * * *

"What a curious helmet you've got!" she said cheerfully. "Is that your invention too?"

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented

a better one than that—like a sugar-loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a *very* little way to fall, you see—But there *was* the danger of falling *into* it, to be sure. That happened to me once—and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet ”

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. “I’m afraid you must have hurt him,” she said in a trembling voice, “being on the top of his head ”

“I had to kick him, of course,” the Knight said, very seriously. “And then he took the helmet off again—but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as—as lightning, you know ”

“But that’s a different kind of fastness,” Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. “It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!” he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle, and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid that he really *was* hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone. “All kinds of fastness,” he repeated: “but it was careless of him to put another man’s helmet on—with the man in it, too ”

“How *can* you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?” Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. “What does it matter where my body happens to be?” he said. “My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.”

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL), *Through the Looking-Glass*.

SUNDAYS

On Sunday I come down later than usual, I make a change of dress, for it is fitting that the day of spiritual rest should lay aside the livery of the laborious week. For me, indeed, there is no labour at any time, but nevertheless does Sunday bring me repose. I share in the common tranquillity, my thought escapes the workaday world more completely than on other days.

It is not easy to see how this house of mine can make to itself a Sunday quiet, for at all times it is well-nigh soundless, yet I find a difference. My housekeeper comes into the room with her Sunday smile, she is happier for the day, and the sight of her happiness gives me pleasure. She speaks, if possible, in a softer voice, she wears a garment which reminds me that there is only the lightest and cleanest housework to be done. She will go to church, morning and evening, and I know that she is better for it. During her absence I sometimes look into rooms which on other days I never enter, it is merely to gladden my eyes with the shining cleanliness, the perfect order, I am sure to find in the good woman's domain. But for that spotless and sweet-smelling kitchen, what would it avail me to range my books and hang my pictures? All the tranquillity of my life depends upon the honest care of this woman who lives and works unseen. And I am sure that the money I pay her is the least part of her reward. She is such an old-fashioned person that the mere discharge of what she deems a duty is in itself an end to her, and the work in itself a satisfaction, and a pride.

When a child, I was permitted to handle on Sunday certain books which could not be exposed to the more careless usage of common days, volumes finely illustrated, or the more handsome editions of familiar authors, or works

which, merely by their bulk, demanded special care. Happily, these books were all of the higher rank in literature, and so there came to be established in my mind an association between the day of rest and names which are the greatest in verse and in prose. Through my life this habit has remained with me, I have always wished to spend some part of the Sunday quiet with books which, at most times, it is fatally easy to leave aside, one's very knowledge and love of them serving as an excuse for their neglect in favour of print which has the attractiveness of newness. Homer and Virgil, Milton and Shakespeare, not many Sundays have gone by without my opening one or other of these. Not many Sundays? Nay, that is to exaggerate, as one has the habit of doing. Let me say rather that, on many a rest-day I have found mind and opportunity for such reading. Nowadays mind and opportunity fail me never. I may take down my Homer or my Shakespeare when I choose, but it is still Sunday that I feel it most becoming to seek the privilege of their companionship. For these great ones, crowned with immortality, do not respond to him who approaches them as though hurried by temporal care. There befits the garment of solemn leisure, the thought attuned to peace. I open the volume somewhat formally, is it not sacred, if the word have any meaning at all? And, as I read, no interruption can befall me. The note of the linnet, the humming of a bee, these are the sounds about my sanctuary. The page scarce rustles as it turns.

GEORGE GISSING, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*.

IV. HISTORY

ENGLISH

There is, perhaps, no language so full of words evidently derived from the most distant sources, as English. Every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, German—nay, even Hindustani, Malay, and Chinese words—lie mixed together in the English dictionary. On the evidence of words alone it would be impossible to classify English with any other of the established stocks and stems of human speech. Leaving out of consideration the smaller ingredients, we find, on comparing the Teutonic with the Latin, or Neo-Latin or Norman-French elements in English, that the latter have a decided majority over the home-grown Saxon terms. This may seem incredible, and if we simply took a page of any English book, and counted therein the words of purely Saxon and Latin origin, the majority would be no doubt on the Saxon side. The articles, pronouns, prepositions and auxiliary verbs, all of which are of Saxon growth, occur over and over again in one and the same page. Thus, Hickes maintained that nine-tenths of the English dictionary were Saxon, because there were only three words of Latin origin in the Lord's prayer. Sharon Turner, who extended his observations over a larger field, came to the conclusion that the relation of Norman to Saxon was as four to six.

Another writer, who estimated the whole number of English words at 38,000, assigned 23,000 to a Saxon, and 15,000 to a classical source. On taking, however, a more accurate inventory, and counting every word in the dictionaries of Robertson and Webster, M Thommerel established the fact that of the sum total of 43,566 words, 29,853 came from classical, 13,230 from Teutonic, and the rest from miscellaneous sources. On the evidence of its dictionary, therefore, and treating English as a mixed language, it would have to be classified, together with French, Italian, and Spanish, as one of the Romance or Neo-Latin dialects.

MAX MÜLLER, *The Science of Language*

BATTLE OF THRASYMENUS

The consul rejoiced as the heads of his columns emerged from the defile, and, turning to the left, began to ascend the hills, where he hoped at least to find the rear guard of the enemy.

At this moment the stillness of the mist was broken by barbarian war-cries on every side, and both flanks of the Roman column were assailed at once. Their right was overwhelmed by a storm of javelins and arrows, shot as if from the midst of darkness, and striking into the soldier's unguarded side, where he had no shield to cover him; while ponderous stones, against which no shield or helmet could avail, came crashing down upon their heads. On the left were heard the trampling of horse, and the well-known war-cries of the Gauls; and presently Hannibal's dreaded cavalry emerged from the mist, and were in an instant in the midst of their ranks, and the huge forms of the Gauls and their vast broad swords broke in upon them at the same moment. The head of the Roman column, which was

already ascending to the higher ground, found its advance also barred; for here was the enemy whom they had so longed to overtake; here were some of the Spanish and African foot of Hannibal's army drawn up to wait their assault. The Romans instantly attacked these troops, and cut their way through, these must be the covering parties, they thought, of Hannibal's main battle; and, eager to bring the contest to a decisive issue, they pushed forward up the heights, not doubting that on the summit they should find the whole force of the enemy. And now they were on the top of the ridge, and to their astonishment no enemy was there, but the mist drew up, and, as they looked behind, they saw too plainly where Hannibal was. The whole valley was one scene of carnage, while on the sides of the hills above were the masses of the Spanish and African foot witnessing the destruction of the Roman army, which had scarcely cost them a single stroke.

The advanced troops of the Roman column had thus escaped the slaughter, but being too few to retrieve the day, they continued their advance, which was now become a flight, and took refuge in one of the neighbouring villages. Meantime, while the centre of the army was cut to pieces in the valley, the rear was still winding through the defile beyond, between the cliffs and the lake. But they too were attacked from the heights above by the Gauls, and forced in confusion into the water. Some of the soldiers in desperation struck out into the deep water swimming, and weighed down by their armour presently sank. Others ran in as far as was within their depth, and there stood helplessly, till the enemy's cavalry dashed in after them. Then they lifted up their hands, and cried for quarter. But on this day of sacrifice, the gods of Carthage were not to be defrauded of a single victim; and the horsemen pitilessly fulfilled Hannibal's vow.

THOMAS ARNOLD, *History of Rome*.

THE RELIGION OF GREECE

The form which the religious impressions of a people assume, so far as they are not determined by tradition or example, must depend on the character and condition of each community. Some tribes of the human race appear to receive from the sensible world only a single dim undefined feeling of religious awe, which suggests to them the existence of a superior power. A monotonous sameness in the aspect of nature, an uniform tenor of life, broken only by the exertions necessary to satisfy the simplest animal wants, probably tend to perpetuate such a state of glimmering consciousness, which however is something very remote from that view of nature which is the foundation of a monotheistic religion. It is however equally conceivable and consistent with experience, that a people of quick sense and fancy, especially if placed in a region marked by various and striking features, may associate its earliest religious emotions with the multiplicity of surrounding objects, and may no sooner awake to the consciousness of its situation, than it begins to people its universe with a corresponding multitude of imaginary agents.

We have no reason for imagining that the first inhabitants of Greece were differently constituted, as to their aptitude for religious impressions, from those who succeeded them. The Greek was formed to sympathise strongly with the outward world. nothing was to him absolutely passive and inert, in all the objects around him he found life, or readily imparted it to them out of the fulness of his own imagination. This was not a poetical view, the privilege of extraordinary minds, but the popular mode of thinking and feeling, cherished undoubtedly by the bold forms, and abrupt contrasts, and all the natural wonders of a mountainous and sea-broken land. A people so disposed and situate is not immediately impelled to seek a single universal

source of being. The teeming earth, the quickening sun, the restless sea, the rushing stream, the irresistible storm, every display of superhuman might which it beholds, rouses a distinct sentiment of religious awe.

CONNOP THIRLWALL, *A History of Greece.*

HOW TO BECOME AN ORATOR

Demosthenes was not endowed by nature with a magnificent voice, nor with a ready flow of vehement improvisation. His thoughts required to be put together by careful preparation, his voice was bad and even lisping—his breath short—his gesticulation ungraceful, moreover he was overawed and embarrassed by the manifestations of the multitude. The energy and success with which Demosthenes overcame his defects, in such a manner as to satisfy a critical assembly like the Athenian, is one of the most memorable circumstances in the general history of self-education. Repeated humiliation and repulse only spurred him on to fresh solitary efforts for improvement. He corrected his defective elocution by speaking with pebbles in his mouth, he prepared himself to overcome the noise of the assembly by declaiming in stormy weather on the sea-shore of Phalerum, he opened his lungs by running, and extended his powers of holding breath by pronouncing sentences in marching up-hill, he sometimes passed two or three months without interruption in a subterranean chamber, practising night and day either in composition or declamation, and shaving one-half of his head in order to disqualify himself from going abroad. After several trials without success before the assembly, his courage was on the point of giving way, when Eunomus and other old citizens reassured him by comparing the matter of his speeches to those of Perikles, and exhorting him to

persevere a little longer in the correction of his external defects. On another occasion, he was pouring forth his disappointment to Satyrus the actor, who undertook to explain to him the cause, desiring him to repeat in his own way a speech out of Sophokles, which he (Satyrus) proceeded to repeat after him, with suitable accent and delivery Demosthenes, profoundly struck with the difference, began anew the task of self-improvement, probably taking constant lessons from good models In his unremitting private practice, he devoted himself especially to acquiring a graceful action, keeping watch on all his movements while declaiming before a tall looking-glass After pertinacious efforts for several years, he was rewarded at length with complete success His delivery became full of decision and vehemence, highly popular with the general body of the assembly, though some critics censured his modulation as artificial and out of nature, and savouring of low stage effect, while others, in the same spirit, condemned his speeches as over-laboured and smelling of the lamp

So great was the importance assigned by Demosthenes himself to these external means of effect, that he is said to have pronounced "Action" to be the first, second, and third requisite for an orator If we grant this estimate to be correct, with reference to actual hearers—we must recollect that his speeches are (not less truly than the history of Thucydides) "an everlasting possession rather than a display for momentary effect"

GEORGE GROTE, *A History of Greece.*

THE MISERY OF GREECE

It is impossible not to feel that Greece cannot be included in the assertion of Gibbon, that "if a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and

prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus" It may be doubted whether the Roman government ever relaxed the systematic oppression under which the agricultural and commercial population of its provinces groaned, and even Hadrian himself can hardly claim greater merit than that of having humanely administered a system radically bad, and endeavoured to correct its most prominent features of injustice Greece, indeed, reached its lowest degree of misery and depopulation about the time of Vespasian, but still there is ample testimony in the pages of contemporary writers, to prove that the desolate state of the country was not materially improved for a long period, and that only partial signs of amelioration were apparent in the period so much vaunted by Gibbon The liberality of Hadrian, and the munificence of Herodes Atticus, were isolated examples, and could not change the constitution of Rome Many splendid edifices of antiquity were repaired by these two benefactors of Greece, but many works of public utility remained neglected on account of the poverty of the diminished population of the country, and most of the works of Hadrian and Herodes Atticus contributed little more to the well-being of the people than the wages of the labour expended on their construction The roads and aqueducts of Hadrian are wise exceptions,—as they diminished the expenses of transport, and afforded increased facilities for production Still the sumptuous edifices, of which remains still exist, indicate that the object of building was the erection of magnificent monuments of art—to commemorate the taste and splendour of the founder, not to increase the resources of the land or improve the condition of the industrious classes

SOLOMON GROWN OLD

Solomon was not less celebrated for his wisdom than his magnificence. The visits of the neighbouring princes, particularly that of the queen of Sheba (a part of Arabia Felix), were to admire the one as much as the other. Hebrew tradition, perhaps the superstitious wonder of his own age, ascribed to Solomon the highest skill in magical arts, and even unbounded dominion over all the invisible world. Tadmor, in the wilderness, was said to have been built by his enchantments. More sober history recognizes in Solomon the great poet, naturalist, and moral philosopher of his time. His poetry, consisting of 1005 songs, except his epithalamium, and perhaps some of the Psalms, has entirely perished. His natural history of plants and animals has suffered the same fate. But the greater part of the Book of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes (perhaps more properly reckoned as a poem) have preserved the conclusions of his moral wisdom.

The latter book, or poem, derives new interest, when considered as coming from the most voluptuous, magnificent, and instructed of monarchs, who sums up the estimate of human life in the melancholy sentence—*Vanity of vanities ! vanity of vanities !* It is a sad commentary on the termination of the splendid life and reign of the great Hebrew sovereign. For even had not this desponding confession been extorted by the satiety of passion and the weariness of a spirit over-excited by all the gratifications this world can bestow—had no higher wisdom suggested this humiliating conclusion—the state of his own powerful kingdom, during his declining years, might have furnished a melancholy lesson on the instability of human grandeur. Solomon, in his old age, was about to bequeath to his heir an insecure throne, a discontented people, formidable enemies on the frontiers, and perhaps a contested succession. He could

not even take refuge in the sanctuary of conscious innocence and assume the dignity of suffering unmerited degradation, for he had set at defiance every principle of the Hebrew constitution. He had formed a connection with Egypt—he had multiplied a great force of cavalry—he had accumulated gold and silver—he had married many foreign wives. His seraglio was on as vast a scale as the rest of his expenditure—he had seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines. The influence of these women not merely led him to permit an idolatrous worship within his dominions, but even Solomon had been so infatuated as to allow to be consecrated to the obscene and barbarous deities of the neighbouring nations, a part of one of the hills which overlooked Jerusalem, a spot almost fronting the splendid Temple which he himself had built to the one Almighty God of the universe. Hence clouds on all sides gathered about his declining day.

The decline of the Jewish kingdom, supported rather by the fame of its sovereign than by its inherent strength, was as rapid as its rise. Solomon died after a reign of forty years, and with him expired the glory and the power of the Jewish Empire—that Empire which had extended from the shores of the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, from the foot of Lebanon to the desert bordering on Egypt.

H. H. MILMAN, *The History of the Jews*

CRANMER

The person most conspicuous, though Ridley was perhaps the most learned divine, in moulding the faith and discipline of the English church, which has not been very materially altered since his time, was Archbishop Cranmer. Few men, about whose conduct there is so little room for controversy upon facts, have been represented in more opposite

lights We know the favouring colours of protestant writers, but turn to the bitter invective of Bossuet, and the patriarch of our reformed church stands forth as the most abandoned of time-serving hypocrites No political factions affect the impartiality of men's judgment so grossly, or so permanently, as religious heats Doubtless, if we should reverse the picture, and imagine the end and scope of Cranmer's labour to have been the establishment of the Roman catholic religion in a protestant country, the estimate formed of his behaviour would be somewhat less favourable than it is at present If, casting away all prejudice on either side, we weigh the character of this prelate in an equal balance, he will appear far indeed removed from the turpitude imputed to him by his enemies, yet not entitled to any extraordinary veneration Though it is most eminently true of Cranmer that his faults were always the effect of circumstances, and not of intention, yet this palliating consideration is rather weakened when we recollect that he consented to place himself in a station where those circumstances occurred At the time of Cranmer's elevation to the see of Canterbury, Henry, though on the point of separating for ever from Rome, had not absolutely determined upon so strong a measure, and his policy required that the new archbishop should solicit the usual bulls from the pope, and take the oath of canonical obedience to him Cranmer, already a rebel from that dominion in his heart, had recourse to the disingenuous shift of a protest, before his consecration, that "he did not intend to restrain himself thereby from anything to which he was bound by his duty to God or the king, or from taking part in any reformation of the English church which he might judge to be required" This first deviation from integrity, as is almost always the case, drew after it many others, and began that discreditable course of temporising, and undue compliance, to which he was reduced for the rest of Henry's

reign Cranmer's abilities were not perhaps of a high order, or at least they were unsuited to public affairs, but his principal defect was in that firmness by which men of more ordinary talents may ensure respect. Nothing could be weaker than his conduct in the usurpation of Lady Jane, which he might better have boldly sustained, like Ridley, as a step necessary for the conservation of protestantism, than given in to against his conscience, overpowered by the importunities of a misguided boy. Had the malignity of his enemies been directed rather against his reputation than his life, had he been permitted to survive his shame, as a prisoner in the Tower, it must have seemed a more arduous task to defend the memory of Cranmer, but his fame has brightened in the fire that consumed him.

HENRY HALLAM, *The Constitutional History of England*

ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS

In spite of evidence, many will still imagine to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and to

save with a view to the future And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favourable estimate of the past

In truth we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week, that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day, that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread, that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life, that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty

working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich

T B MACAULAY, *The History of England*

THE BURIAL PLACE OF MONMOUTH

Many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood, for, by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown, not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of

senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers, Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled

T B MACAULAY, *The History of England*

THE LABOUR QUESTION IN ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

We hear of "the glory of hospitality," England's pre-eminent boast,—by the rules of which all tables, from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve, or question asked to every man, according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging, perhaps

only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow, but freely offered and freely taken, the guest probably faring much as his host fared, neither worse nor better. There was little fear of an abuse of such licence, for suspicious characters had no leave to wander at pleasure, and for any man found at large, and unable to give a sufficient account of himself, there were the ever-ready parish stocks or town gaol. The "glory of hospitality" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time, and then, as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the marvellous beautifying of the realm," but to the decay of what he valued more.

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts—idleness, want, and cowardice, and for the rest, carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the labourers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined—if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice, if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the village cobbler made "unhonest shoes," if servants and masters quarrelled, all was to be looked to by the justice, there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined, after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but coloured with a broad, rosy, English health. No person in these times was allowed to open a trade or to commence a manufacture, either in London or the provinces, unless he had first served his apprenticeship, unless he could prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he was competent in his craft, and unless he submitted as a matter of course to their supervision. The legislature had undertaken not to let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted, of

distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity, of compelling every man to do his duty in an honest following of his proper calling, securing to him that he in his turn should not be injured by his neighbour's misdoings

The State further promising for itself that all able-bodied men should be found in work, and not allowing any man to work at business for which he was unfit, insisted as its natural right that children should not be allowed to grow up in idleness, to be returned at mature age upon its hands. Every child, as far as possible, was to be trained up in some business or calling, "idleness being the mother of all sin," and the essential duty of every man being to provide honestly for himself and his family. The educative theory, for such it was, was simple and effective. It was based on the single principle that, next to the knowledge of a man's duty to God, and as a means towards doing that duty, the first condition of a worthy life was the ability to maintain it in independence. If children were found growing up idle, and their fathers or friends failed to prove that they were able to secure them an ultimate maintenance, the mayors in towns and the magistrates in the country had authority to take possession of such children, and apprentice them as they saw fit, that when they grew up "they might not be driven" by want or incapacity to dishonest courses. J A FROUDE, *History of England*

WILLIAM THE GREAT

The conservative instincts of William the Conqueror allowed our national life and our national institutions to live on unbroken through his conquest. But it was before all things the despotism of William, his despotism under legal forms, which preserved our national institutions to all time. As a less discerning conqueror might have swept

our ancient laws and liberties away, so under a series of native kings those laws and liberties might have died out, as they died out in so many continental lands. But the despotism of the crown called forth the national spirit in a conscious and antagonistic shape, it called forth that spirit in men of both races alike, and made Normans and English one people. The old institutions lived on, to be clothed with a fresh life, to be modified as changed circumstances might make needful. The despotism of the Norman kings, the peculiar character of that despotism, enabled the great revolution of the thirteenth century to take the forms, which it took, at once conservative and progressive. So it was when, more than four centuries after William's day, England again saw a despotism carried on under the forms of law. Henry the Eighth reigned as William reigned, he did not reign like his brother despots on the continent, the forms of law and freedom lived on. In the seventeenth century therefore, as in the thirteenth, the forms stood ready to be again clothed with a new life, to supply the means for another revolution, again at once conservative and progressive. It has been remarked a thousand times that, while other nations have been driven to destroy and to rebuild the political fabric, in England we have never had to destroy and to rebuild, but have found it enough to repair, to enlarge, to improve. This characteristic of English history is mainly owing to the events of the eleventh century, and owing above all to the personal agency of William. As far as mortal man can guide the course of things when he is gone, the course of our national history since William's day has been the result of William's character and of William's acts. Well may we restore to him the surname that men gave him in his own day. He may worthily take his place as William the Great alongside of Alexander, Constantine, and Charles.

E. A. FREEMAN, *William the Conqueror*.

THE RACE OF PLANTAGENETS

A careful reading of the history of the three centuries of Angevin kings might almost tempt one to think that the legend of their diabolical origin and hereditary curse was not a mere fairy tale, but the mythical expression of some political foresight or of a strong historical instinct. But, in truth, no such theory is needed, the vices of kings, like those of other men, carry with them their present punishment, whilst with them, even more signally than with other men, the accumulation of subsequent misery is distinctly conspicuous, and is seen to fall with a weight more overwhelming the longer their strength or their position has kept it poised.

It was not that their wickedness was of a monstrous kind, such wickedness indeed was not a prominent feature in the character of the mediaeval devil, nor was it mere capricious cruelty or wanton mischief. All the Plantagenet kings were high hearted men, rather rebellious against circumstances, than subservient to them. But the long pageant shows us uniformly, under so great a variety of individual character, such signs of great gifts and opportunities thrown away, such unscrupulousness in action, such uncontrolled passion, such vast energy and strength wasted on unworthy aims, such constant failure and final disappointment, in spite of constant successes and brilliant achievements, as remind us of the conduct and luck of those unhappy spirits who, throughout the middle ages, were continually spending superhuman strength in building in a night inaccessible bridges and uninhabitable castles, or purchasing with untold treasures souls that might have been had for nothing, and invariably cheated of their reward.

Only two in the long list strike us as free from the hereditary sins. Edward I and Henry VI, the noblest and

the unhappiest of the race, and of these the former owes his real greatness in history, not to the success of his personal ambition, but to the brilliant qualities brought out by the exigencies of his affairs, whilst on the latter, both as a man and as a king, fell the heaviest crash of accumulated misery. None of the others seem to have had a wish to carry out the true grand conception of kingship. And thus it is with the extinction of the male line of the Plantagenets that the social happiness of the English people begins. Yet there was not one thoroughly contemptible person in the list. Many had redeeming qualities, some had great ones, all had a certain lion-like nobility, some had a portion of the real element of greatness. Some were wise, all were brave, some were pure in life, some gentle as well as strong, but is it too hard to say that all were thoroughly selfish, all were in the main unfortunate?

W STUBBS, *Historical Introduction to the Rolls Series*

OXFORD

At the opening of the thirteenth century Oxford was without a rival in its own country, while in European celebrity it took rank with the greatest schools of the Western world. But to realize this Oxford of the past we must dismiss from our minds all recollections of the Oxford of the present. In the outer aspect of the new University there was nothing of the pomp that overawes the freshman as he first paces the "High," or looks down from the gallery of S. Mary's. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of a mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves in church porch and house porch, drinking, quarrelling,

dicing, begging at the corners of the streets, take the place of the brightly-coloured train of doctors and Heads. Mayor and Chancellor struggle in vain to enforce order or peace on this seething mass of turbulent life. The retainers who follow their young lords to the University fight out the feuds of their houses in the streets. Scholars from Kent and scholars from Scotland wage the bitter struggle of North and South. At nightfall roysterer and reveller roam with torches through the narrow lanes, defying bailiffs, and cutting down burghers at their doors. Now a mob of clerks plunges into the Jewry, and wipes off the memory of bills and bonds by sacking a Hebrew house or two. Now a tavern row between scholar and townsman widens into a general broil, and the academical bell of St Mary's vies with the town bell of St Martin's in clanging to arms. Every phase of ecclesiastical controversy or political strife is preluded by some fierce outbreak in this turbulent, surging mob. When England growls at the exactions of the Papacy, the students besiege a legate in the abbot's house at Osney. A murderous town and gown row precedes the opening of the Barons' War. "When Oxford draws knife," runs the old rhyme, "England's soon at strife."

J R GREEN, *A Short History of the English People*

THE IDEALS OF RAFFAELLE THE PAINTER AND LUTHER THE MONK

The life of Raffaele expresses the best quality of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, its belief in the power of culture to restore unity to life and implant serenity in the soul. It is clear that Raffaele did not live for mere enjoyment, but that his time was spent in ceaseless activity, animated by high hopes for the future. But his early

death on April 6, 1520, was the end of the reign of art in Rome, and the reign of literature soon ceased as well. The foreboding soul of Michael Angelo was more far-seeing than Raffaelle's joyous hopefulness. Not the peace of art, but the sword of controversy, was to usher in the new epoch. Italy was no longer to be the teacher of the world, nor was Rome to be the undisputed centre of Christendom, from which religion and learning were alike to radiate forth to other nations. The art of Raffaelle is the idealisation of the aims of the Italian Renaissance, which in its highest form strove to improve man's life by widening it, and was not concerned with the forms of existing institutions, but with the free spirit of the cultivated individual. It is a strange contrast that, as the star of Raffaelle set, that of Luther arose. Both were men of great ideas, both had a message, which has not ceased to be heard through the ages. Raffaelle pointed to a future in which human enlightenment should reduce to harmony and proportion all that had been fruitful in the past, Luther claimed a present satisfaction for the imperious demands of conscience awakened to a sense of responsibility. Luther lived long enough to know that the power to which he appealed could not be confined within the limits which he had laid down for it, and that the future would be filled with discord. Raffaelle's dream vanished into thin air, only to form again and float with new meaning before the eyes of coming generations. That Raffaelle's pencil had just ceased to glorify the Papacy when Luther arose to bespatter it with abuse, is a symbol of the tendencies which long divided the minds of men.

The ideal of Raffaelle was not necessarily opposed to that of Luther. Raffaelle took the Church as it was and recognised its eternal mission to mankind—a mission which was to increase in meaning when interpreted by the increasing capacity of the human mind.... He spoke in a pagan tongue,

MANDELL CREIGHTON

with which ecclesiastical authorities were familiar; and he asked for no immediate exertion on their part. Luther arose, like a prophet of old, and sternly demanded that they should set their house in order forthwith. As Luther's meditations led to practical suggestions, he was peremptorily ordered to hold his tongue

The Church which could find room for poets, philosophers and artists as joint exponents of the meaning of life, refused to permit a theologian to discuss the basis of a practice which had obviously degenerated into an abuse....The theologians of the Papal court were willing that the theology of the past should be superseded, but not that it should be directly contradicted

M CREIGHTON, *A History of the Papacy*

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY NOBILITY

In many respects the aspect of Scotland in the sixteenth century was the reverse of that of England. The most remarkable feature of Elizabethan England was the harmony which resulted from the interdependence upon one another of the various elements of which the national life was composed. To the north of the Tweed, the same elements for the most part re-appeared, but they were seen standing out sharp and clear, in well defined contrast to one another. The clergy were more distinctly clerical, the boroughs more isolated and self-contained, and, above all, the nobles retained the old turbulence of feudalism which had long ceased to be tolerated in any other country of Europe.... A great Scottish nobleman, in fact, was a very different personage from the man who was called by a similar title in England. He exercised little less than sovereign authority over his own district. Possessed of the power of life and death within its limits, his vassals looked up to him as the

only man to whom they were accountable for their actions. They were ready to follow him into the field at his bidding, and they were seldom long allowed to remain at rest. There was always some quarrel to be engaged in, some neighbouring lord to be attacked, or some hereditary insult to be avenged.

With the physical force which was at the disposal of the aristocracy, the ministers were for the time unable to cope. But they had on their side that energy of life which is certain, sooner, or later, to translate itself into power. It was not merely that, with scarcely an exception, all the intellect of Scotland was to be found in their ranks, their true strength lay in the undeviating firmness with which they bore witness for the law of God as the basis of all human action, and the vigorous and self-denying activity with which they called upon all who would listen to them to shake off the bond of impurity and vice. How was it possible that there should long be agreement between the men whose whole lives were stained with bloodshed and oppression, and the men who were struggling, through good repute and evil repute, to reduce to order the chaos in which they lived, and to make their native country a land of godliness and peace?

S R GARDINER, *History of England*

THE PEACE POLICY OF ELIZABETH

There are emergencies, in which a persistent abstinence from action, a kind of resolute irresolution, is the only sound policy. When a man finds himself on a narrow ledge of rock with a precipice above and below, and sees the ledge narrowing till it almost disappears, he may think that though action might conceivably save him, absolute inaction is the only policy which can be called safe. And in the case of Elizabeth safety for herself meant also safety for her subjects.

Elizabeth had clearly an energetic nature, she was positively ambitious to show that a woman could wield authority as effectively as a man. Quite early in her reign the Spanish Ambassador writes that she was 'more feared without any comparison than her sister,' more feared than Bloody Mary! It is therefore extremely remarkable that this ambition did not for a moment mislead her into the error which nine out of ten ambitious rulers commit, the error of doing too much. The talent of letting things alone, so rarely combined with energy, is perhaps the most indispensable talent of a statesman. It was displayed with a singular perseverance for twenty-six years together by Elizabeth.

Everything at her accession was in a sort of suspense. Whether the nation was Catholic or Protestant, by what title she herself reigned, who would be her own successor, and whom she should marry,—all was undecided. Twenty-six years later these questions remained undecided still. As every decision was dangerous, she took no decision at all. And yet her inactivity struck the world as masterly, she looked majestic in her repose.

Shall we say that this inaction was cowardly, or, with Mr Froude, that it was only because she was wholly indifferent in religion that she abstained from taking her proper position as the head of the Reformation in Europe? English history would certainly have run a different, can we think a better? course, if Elizabeth had imitated her brother instead of her father. The question was not what Elizabeth herself believed, but what her people believed. To our surprise we find that this haughty Tudor has grasped the principles of popular government which have prevailed in England in later times. She throws the reins on the neck of the horse. She will not act herself, but she lets the people act. Her people was perhaps at her accession mainly Catholic, twenty years later it was not prepared

to call itself Protestant What right had Elizabeth on the ground of any private opinions to give England a position in the religious struggle of the age, which England did not like? But it was possible in the international confusion of that age for the people to outstrip the Government in international action Had the Government declared itself Protestant, established a Protestant succession and openly defied the Powers of the Counter-Reformation there would probably have been a violent rebellion, but meanwhile Englishmen were able in large numbers to aid the rebels at Brill and Flushing in 1572 and again in 1578

It is a familiar maxim of statesmanship that difficulties insoluble by action are often soluble by lapse of time In such cases the hand-to-mouth policy is the wisest, because it is directed to gaining time The disease of England in 1558 might well have seemed incurable That it was actually cured is matter of astonishment The medicine used was time, but an enormous dose of it was administered, and in circumstances where the application might have seemed impossible Twenty-six years of peace were administered

J R SEELEY, *The Growth of British Policy*

THE STOIC TEACHING ABOUT DEATH

Among the many half-pagan legends that were connected with Ireland during the middle ages, one of the most beautiful is that of the islands of life and of death In a certain lake in Munster it is said there were two islands, into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness, and the weariness of life, and the paroxysms of fearful suffering were all known there, and they did their work till the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as upon a haven of repose. they launched

their barks upon the gloomy waters; they touched its shore and they were at rest

This legend, which is far more akin to the spirit of paganism than to that of Christianity, and is in fact only another form of the myth of Tithonus, represents with great fidelity the aspect in which death was regarded by the exponents of Stoicism. There was much difference of opinion and of certitude in the judgments of the ancient philosophers concerning the future destinies of the soul, but they were unanimous in regarding death simply as a natural rest, and in attributing the terrors that were connected with it to a diseased imagination. Death, they said, is the only evil that does not afflict us when present. While we are, death is not, when death has come we are not. It is a false belief that it only follows, it also precedes, life. It is to be as we were before we were born. The candle which has been extinguished is in the same condition as before it was lit, and the dead man as the man unborn. Death is the end of all sorrow. It either secures happiness or ends suffering. It frees the slave from his cruel master, opens the prison door, calms the qualms of pain, closes the struggles of poverty. It is the last and best boon of nature, for it frees man from all his cares. It is at worst but the close of a banquet we have enjoyed. Whether it be desired or whether it be shunned, it is no curse and no evil, but simply the resolution of our being into its primitive elements, the law of our nature to which it is our duty cheerfully to conform.

W E H LECKY, *European Morals*.

It is impossible to leave the history of witchcraft without reflecting how vast an amount of suffering has, in at least this respect, been removed by the progress of a rationalistic civilisation. I know that when we remember the frightful calamities that have from time to time flowed from theological divisions; when we consider the countless martyrs

who have perished in the dungeon or at the stake, the millions who have fallen in the religious wars, the elements of almost undying dissension that have been planted in so many noble nations and have paralysed so many glorious enterprises, the fate of a few thousand innocent persons who were burnt alive seems to sink into comparative insignificance. Yet it is probable that no class of victims endured sufferings so unalloyed and so intense. Not for them the wild fanaticism that nerves the soul against danger, and almost steels the body against torments. Not for them the assurance of a glorious eternity, that has made the martyr look with exultation on the rising flame as on the Elijah's chariot that is to bear his soul to heaven. Not for them the solace of lamenting friends, or the consciousness that their memories would be cherished and honoured by posterity. They died alone, hated and unpitied. They were deemed by all mankind the worst of criminals. Their very kinsmen shrank from them as tainted and accursed. The superstitions they had imbibed in childhood, blending with the illusions of age, and with the horrors of their position, persuaded them in many cases that they were indeed the bondslaves of Satan, and were about to exchange their torments upon earth for an agony that was as excruciating, and was eternal. And, besides all this, we have to consider the terrors which the belief must have spread through the people at large; we have to picture the anguish of the mother, as she imagined that it was in the power of one whom she had offended, to blast in a moment every object of her affection; we have to conceive, above all, the awful shadow that the dread of accusation must have thrown on the enfeebled faculties of age, and the bitterness it must have added to desertion and to solitude. All these sufferings were the result of a single superstition, which the spirit of Rationalism has destroyed.

W. E. H. LECKEY, *The Rise of Rationalism.*

THE VOICE OF THE MAJORITY

One of the great books that remain to be written is The History of the Majority. Our habit of treating the voice of a majority as equivalent to the voice of an all is so deeply engrained that we hardly think that it has a history. But a history it has, and there is fiction there not fiction if that term implies falsehood or caprice, but a slow extension of old words and old thoughts beyond the old facts. In the earlier middle ages it is unanimity that is wanted; it is unanimity that is chronicled, it is unanimity that is after a sort obtained. A shout is the test, and in form it is the primary test today in the House of Commons. But the few should not go on shouting when they know that they are few. If they do, measures can be taken to make them hold their peace. In the end the assembly has but one voice, it is unanimous. The transition to a process which merely counts heads or hands is the slower because in some manner that no arithmetic can express the voices of the older, wiser, more worshipful, more substantial men are the weightiest. The disputed, the double elections that we read of in every quarter, from the papal and imperial downwards, tell a very curious story of constitutional immaturity. But until men will say plainly that a vote carried by a majority of one is for certain purposes every whit as effectual as an unanimous vote, one main contrast between corporate ownership and mere community escapes them.

F W MAITLAND, *Township and Borough.*

THE END OF THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory;

they wavered, hesitated, and vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole, the three colonels, Ellis, Blackeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships but suddenly and sternly recovering they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen, in vain did the hardest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the height. There the French reserve mixed with the struggling multitude and endeavoured to sustain the fight, but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion, the mighty mass gave way and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!

SIR W. NAPIER, *The History of the War in the Peninsula.*

THE CHARGE OF THE THREE HUNDRED

The difference that there was in the temperaments of the two comrade regiments showed itself in the last moments of the onset. The Scots Greys gave no utterance except to a low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire. The Inniskillings went in with a cheer.

With a rolling prolongation of clangour which resulted from the bends of a line now deformed by its speed, the 'three hundred' crashed in upon the front of the column. They crashed in so weightily that no cavalry, extended in line and halted, could have withstood the shock if it had been able to shrink and fall back, but whatever might be their inclination, the front-rank men of the Russian column were debarred, as we saw, from all means of breaking away to the rear by the weight of their own serried squadrons sloping up the hillside close behind them, and it being too late for them to evade the concussion by a lateral flight, they had no choice—it was a cruel trial for cavalry to have to endure at the halt—they had no choice but to await and suffer the onslaught. On the other hand, it was certain that if the Russian hussar being halted should so plant and keep himself counter to his assailant as to be brought into diametric collision with the heavier man and the heavier horse of the Inniskillings or the Greys whilst charging direct at his front, he must and would be overborne. It might, therefore, be imagined that many of the troopers in the front rank of the Russian column would now be perforce overthrown, that numbers of our dragoons would in their turn be brought to the ground by that very obstacle—the obstacle of overturned horses and horsemen—which their onset seemed about to build up, and that far along the front of the column the field would be encumbered with a heap or bank of prostrated riders and chargers, where Russians would be struggling for extrication intermingled

with Inniskillings or Greys. Such a result would apparently have been an evil one for the 'three hundred,' because it would have enabled the unshattered masses of the enemy to bring their numbers to bear against such of the redcoats as might still remain in their saddles

The result of their contact with the enemy was a phenomenon so much spoken of in the days of the old war against the French Empire, that it used to be then described by a peculiar but recognised phrase. Whether our people spoke with knowledge of fact, or whether they spoke in their pride, I do not here stay to question, but in describing the supposed issue of conflicts in which a mass of Continental soldiery was assailed by English troops extended in line, it used to be said of the foreigners that they 'accepted the files.' This meant, it seems, that instead of opposing his body to that of the islander with such rigid determination as to necessitate a front-to-front clash, and a front-to-front trial of weight and power, the foreigner who might be steadfast enough to keep his place in the foremost rank of the assailed mass would still be so far yielding as to let the intruder thrust past him and drive a way into the column

Whatever was the foundation for this superb faith, the phrase, as above interpreted, represents with a singular exactness what the front rank of the Russian column now did. These horsemen could not fall back under the impact of the charge, and, on the other hand, they did not so plant themselves as to be each of them a directly opposing hindrance to an assailant. They found and took a third course. They 'accepted the files.' Here, there, and almost everywhere along the assailed part of the column, the troopers who stood in front rank so sidled and shrank that they suffered the Grey or the Inniskillinger to tear in between them with the licence accorded to a cannon-ball which is seen to be coming, and must not be obstructed,

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

but shunned. So, although, by their charge, these few horsemen could deliver no blow of such weight as to shake the depths of a column extending far up the hillside, they more or less shivered or sundered the front rank of the mass, and then, by dint of sheer wedge-work and fighting, they opened and cut their way in. It was in the nature of things that at some parts of the line the hindrance should be greater than at others, but, speaking in general terms, it can be said that, as Scarlett had led, so his first line righteously followed, and that, within a brief space from the moment of the first crash, the 'three hundred,' after more or less strife, were received into the enemy's column.

A W KINGLAKE, *The Invasion of the Crimea*

V. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

A SCENE AT ABBOTSFORD

It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing match on Newark Hill. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a large hunting-whip, and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-letters, Henry Mackenzie.

The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when *the Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaiming, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background:—Scott, watching the retreat,

repeated with mock pathos the first verse of the old pastoral song—

“What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And wow! but I was vogie!”

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on

The pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers, but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen, but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, “to have a pleasant crack wi’ the laird”

J G LOCKHART, *The Life of Sir Walter Scott*

CHARLES DICKENS

When the fancies of his novels were upon him and he was under their restless influence, though he often talked of shutting himself up in out-of-the-way solitary places, he never went anywhere unaccompanied by members of his family. His habits of daily life he carried with him wherever he went. In Albaro and Genoa, at Lausanne

and Geneva, in Paris and at Boulogne, his ways were as entirely those of home as in London and Broadstairs. If it is the property of a domestic nature to be personally interested in every detail, the smallest as the greatest, of the four walls within which one lives, then no man had it so essentially as Dickens. No man was so inclined naturally to derive his happiness from home concerns. Even the kind of interest in a house which is commonly confined to women, he was full of. Not to speak of changes of importance, there was not an additional hook put up wherever he inhabited, without his knowledge, or otherwise than as part of some small ingenuity of his own. Nothing was too minute for his personal superintendence. Whatever might be in hand, theatricals for the little children, entertainments for those of larger growth, cricket-matches, dinners, field sports, from the first new year's dance in Doughty-street to the last musical party in Hyde-park Place, he was the centre and soul of it. The usual result followed, in all his homes, of an absolute reliance on him for everything. Under every difficulty, and in every emergency, he was the encouraging influence, the bright and ready help. In illness, whether of the children or any of the servants, he was better than a doctor. He was so full of resource, for which every one eagerly turned to him, that his mere presence in the sick-room was a healing influence, as if nothing could fail if he were only there. So that at last, when, all through the night which preceded his departure, he lay senseless in the room where he had fallen, the stricken and bewildered ones who tended him found it impossible to believe that what they saw before them alone was left, or to shut out wholly the irrational hope that he might again be suddenly among them *like* himself, and revive what they could not connect, even then, with death's despairing helplessness.

JOHN FORSTER, *The Life of Charles Dickens*.

THE HIGHLAND FOREST

Nothing in all nature is more beautiful than the boundary of a great Highland forest. Masses of rocks thrown together in magnificent confusion, many of them lichened and weather-stained with colours gorgeous as the eyed plumage of the peacock, the lustre of the rainbow or the barred and clouded glories of setting suns, some towering aloft with trees sown in the crannies by bird or breeze, and checkering the blue sky, others bare, black, abrupt, grim as volcanoes, and shattered as if by the lightning stroke. Yet, interspersed, places of perfect peace, circles among the tall heather, or taller lady-fern, smoothed into velvet, it is there easy to believe, by fairies' feet; rocks where the undisturbed linnet hangs her nest among the blooming briers, all floating with dew-draperies of honeysuckle alive with bees, glades green as emerald, where lie the lambs in tempered sunshine, or haply a lovely doe reposes with her fawn, and further down where the fields half belong to the mountain and half to the strath, the smoke of hidden huts, a log-bridge flung across the torrent, a hanging garden, and a little broomy knoll, with a few laughing children at play, almost as wild-looking as the wanderers of the woods!

Turn your eyes, if you can, from that lovely wilderness, and behold down along a mile-broad strath, fed by a thousand torrents, floweth the noblest of Scotland's rivers, the strong sweeping Spey! Let imagination launch her canoe, and be thou a solitary steersman, for need is none of oar or sail, keep the middle course while all the groves go by; and ere the sun has sunk behind yon golden mountains they are not, but a transitory pomp of clouds—thou mayest lust the roaring, and behold the foaming of the sea.

JOHN WILSON, *Recreations of Christopher North.*

SEAMEN ON SHORE

The sole business of a seaman ashore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry ground, he turns his back on all salt beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him, of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their everything, and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

His first sensation, on landing, is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going, the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long, to be gathered into a heavy pigtail, but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe, on a white stocking and a *natty* shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands, half open, as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold), he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but

as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter; and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys everything that he comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch (two if he has money enough), gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet and his mother and sisters, dozens of "Superfine Best Men's Cotton Stockings," dozens of "Superfine Best Women's Cotton Ditto," best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with, some day), a footman's laced hat, Bear's Grease, to make his hair grow (by way of joke), several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play, and never intends), a leg of mutton, which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the *Ship* makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole, in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is everything but medicine gratis, and thus he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money.

LEIGH HUNT, *The Indicator*

GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY

But the grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail-coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years from Trafalgar to Waterloo furnished a long series of victories. Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any such event....

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows—young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols—and rolling volleys of sympathizing cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands, sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation. On the London side of Barnet, to which we draw near within a few minutes after nine, observe that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm, the glasses are all down; and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within. It contains three ladies—one likely to be "Mamma," and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes, in these ingenuous girls! By the sudden start and raising of the hands, on first discovering our laurelled equipage! by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them—and by the heightened colour on their animated countenances we can almost hear them saying, "See, see! Look at their laurels! Oh, Mamma! there has been a great battle in Spain; and

it has been a great victory." In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers—I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me—raise our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under the crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture, all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing to *them*? Oh, no; they will not say *that*. They cannot deny—they do not deny—that for this night they are our sisters, gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to come, we on the outside have the honour to be their brothers. Those poor women, again, who stop to gaze upon us with delight at the entrance of Barnet, and seem, by their air of weariness, to be returning from labour—do you mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken. I assure you they stand in a far higher rank; for this one night they feel themselves by birthright to be daughters of England, and answer to no humbler title.

DE QUINCEY, *The English Mail-Coach*

OXFORD

Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling

us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him,—the bondage of "was uns alle bändigt, Das Gemeine!"

She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son, for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we have gone!

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Essays in Criticism*

THE DEAD WIFE

This was the close She sank rapidly the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly"; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said, "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she could never leave off looking,

shut her eyes and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out, it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away"

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless. He came forward beside us. Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down, it was soaked with his tears, Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time,—saying nothing, he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did, nor after either. "Rab," he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid, so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo*, he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart,—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James;

he was already at the door, and came up the stairs and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners "A G, 1794" in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleeping" and by the firelight working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered, and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage and down-stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm frosty air, we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A G"—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

JOHN BROWN, *Hours Subsecivæ*.

THE TWO BOYHOODS

Born half-way between the mountains and the sea—
that young George of Castelfranco—of the Brave Castle —
Stout George they called him, George of Georges, so goodly
a boy he was—Giorgione

Have you ever thought what a world his eyes opened on
—fair, searching eyes of youth? What a world of mighty
life, from those mountain roots to the shore,—of loveliest
life, when he went down, yet so young, to the marble city—
and became himself as a fiery heart to it?

A city of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city,
paved with emerald For truly, every pinnacle and turret
glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper
Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and
fro, its eddies of green wave Deep-hearted, majestic,
terrible as the sea,—the men of Venice moved in sway of
power and war, pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her
mothers and maidens, from foot to brow, all noble, walked
her knights, the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour
shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds Fearless,
faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable,—every word a
fate—sate her senate In hope and honour, lulled by flowing
of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his
name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead
A wonderful piece of world Rather, itself a world It lay
along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it
from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could
not pass away, but for its power, it must have seemed to
them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and
this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through
ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty
thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor
elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremu-
lous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon, but

rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them, no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving stainless waters, proudly pure, as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore, blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will,—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian's home.

Near the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate, and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled in this year (1860) with a row of bottles, connected, in some defunct manner, with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never certainly a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists,

the majesty of men founded similarly on shoe-buckles and wigs,—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it, but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

"Bello ovile dov' io dormu agnello " of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings, deep furrowed cabbage leaves at the greengrocer's, magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner, and Thames' shore within three minutes' race

None of these things very glorious, the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift who, such as they are, loves them—never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides, and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon,—by Thames' shore we will die

* * * * *

Under these influences pass away the first reflective hours of life, with such conclusion as they can reach. In consequence of a fit of illness, he was taken—I cannot ascertain in what year—to live with an aunt, at Brentford, and here, I believe, received some schooling, which he seems to have snatched vigorously, getting knowledge, at least by translation, of the more picturesque classical authors, which he turned presently to use, as we shall see. Hence also, walks about Putney and Twickenham in the summer time acquainted him with the look of English meadow-ground in its restricted states of paddock and park; and with some round-headed appearances of trees, and

stately entrances to houses of mark: the avenue at Bushy, and the iron gates and carved pillars of Hampton, impressing him apparently with great awe and admiration; so that in after life his little country house is,—of all places in the world,—at Twickenham! Of swans and reedy shores he now learns the soft motion and the green mystery, in a way not to be forgotten.

And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin, and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner, and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor, and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is here then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces,—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills.

Beauty, and freedom, and peace, and yet another teacher, graver than these. Sound preaching at last here, in Kirkstall crypt, concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies, instead of priests' vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little, fitfully, by the evening wind, deep-scented from the meadow thyme.

Consider deeply the import to him of this, his first sight of ruin, and compare it with the effect of the architecture that was around Giorgione. There were indeed aged buildings, at Venice, in his time, but none in decay. All ruin was removed, and its place filled as quickly as in our London; but filled always by architecture loftier and more wonderful than that whose place it took, the boy himself happy to work upon the walls of it, so that the idea of the passing away of the strength of men and beauty of their works never could occur to him sternly. Brighter and brighter the cities of Italy had been rising and broadening on hill and plain, for three hundred years. He saw only strength and immortality, could not but paint both, conceived the form of man as deathless, calm with power, and fiery with life.

Turner saw the exact reverse of this. In the present work of men, meanness, aimlessness, unsightliness, thin-walled, lath-divided, narrow-garreted houses of clay, booths of a darksome Vanity Fair, busily base.

But on Whitby Hill, and by Bolton Brook, remained traces of other handiwork. Men who could build had been there; and who also had wrought, not merely for their own days. But to what purpose? Strong faith, and steady hands, and patient souls—can this, then, be all you have left! this the sum of your doing on the earth!—a nest whence the night-owl may whimper to the brook, and a ribbed skeleton of consumed arches, looming above the bleak banks of mist, from its cliff to the sea?

As the strength of men to Giorgione, to Turner their weakness and vileness were alone visible. They themselves, unworthy or ephemeral, their work, despicable, or decayed. In the Venetian's eyes, all beauty depended on man's presence and pride; in Turner's, on the solitude he had left, and the humiliation he had suffered.

And thus the fate and issue of all his work were

determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that, he must paint also the labour and sorrow and passing away of men; this was the great human truth visible to him.

Their labour, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the three. Labour, by sea and land, in field and city, at forge and furnace, helm and plough. No pastoral indolence nor classic pride shall stand between him and the troubling of the world, still less between him and the toil of his country, —blind, tormented, unwearied, marvellous England.

Also their Sorrow, Ruin of all their glorious work, passing away of their thoughts and their honour, mirage of pleasure, FALLACY OF HOPE, gathering of weed on temple step, gaining of wave on deserted strand, weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her breathless first-born in the streets of the city, desolate by her last sons slain, among the beasts of the field.

And their Death. That old Greek question again,—yet unanswered. The unconquerable spectre still fitting among the forest trees at twilight, rising ribbed out of the sea-sand,—white, a strange Aphrodite,—out of the sea-foam, stretching its gray, cloven wings among the clouds, turning the light of their sunsets into blood. This has to be looked upon, and in a more terrible shape than ever Salvator or Dürer saw it. The wreck of one guilty country does not infer the ruin of all countries, and need not cause general terror respecting the laws of the universe. Neither did the orderly and narrow succession of domestic joy and sorrow in a small German community bring the question in its breadth, or in any unresolvable shape, before the mind of Dürer. But the English death—the European death of the nineteenth century—was of another range of power; more terrible a thousand-fold in its merely physical grasp and grief, more terrible, incalculably, in its mystery and shame. What were the robber's casual pang, or the rage of

the flying skirmish, compared to the work of the axe, and the sword, and the famine, which was done during this man's youth on all the hills and plains of the Christian earth, from Moscow to Gibraltar? He was eighteen years old when Napoleon came down on Arcola. Look on the map of Europe, and count the blood-stains on it, between Arcola and Waterloo.

Not alone those blood-stains on the Alpine snow, and the blue of the Lombard plain. The English death was before his eyes also. No decent, calculable, consoled dying, no passing to rest like that of the aged burghers of Nuremberg town. No gentle processions to churchyards among the fields, the bronze crests bossed deep on the memorial tablets, and the skylark singing above them from among the corn. But the life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countlessly away into howling winter wind along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged shore. Or, worst of all, rotted down to forgotten graves through years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for help from man, for hope in God—infirm, imperfect yearning, as of motherless infants starving at the dawn, oppressed royalties of captive thought, vague ague-fits of bleak, amazed despair.

* * * * *

This was the sight which opened on the young eyes, this the watchword sounding within the heart of Turner in his youth.

So taught, and prepared for his life's labour, sate the boy at last alone among his fair English hills, and began to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft white clouds of heaven.

J RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*.

DANTE AND BEATRICE

Beatrice. My Dante! we must all obey: I, my father, you, your God. He will never abandon you.

Dante. I have ever sung, and will for ever sing, the most glorious of his works. And yet, O Bice! he abandons me, he casts me off; and he uses your hand for this affliction.

Beatrice. Men travel far and wide, and see many on whom to fix or transfer their affections, but we maidens have neither the power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us, and doing thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of life. We know we are performing our duty, and the fruit of this knowledge is contentment. Season after season, day after day, you have made me serious, pensive, meditative, and almost wise. Being so little a girl, I was proud that you, so much taller, should lean on my shoulder to overlook my work. And greatly more proud was I when in time you taught me several Latin words, and then whole sentences, both in prose and verse, pasting a strip of paper over, or obscuring with impenetrable ink, those passages in the poets which were beyond my comprehension, and might perplex me. But proudest of all was I, when you began to reason with me. What will now be my pride, if you are convinced by the first arguments I ever have opposed to you, or if you only take them up and try if they are applicable? Certainly do I know (indeed, indeed I do) that even the patience to consider them will make you happier. Will it not, then, make me so? I entertain no other wish. Is not this true love?

Dante. Ah, yes! the truest, the purest, the least perishable; but not the sweetest. Here are the rue and the hyssop; but where the rose?

Beatrice. Wicked must be whatever torments you, and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the Tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? Do not make me hesitate to pray to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you with a reproachful pity. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge.

Dante. God annihilate a power so criminal! Oh, could my love flow into your breast with hers! It should flow with equal purity.

Beatrice. You have stored my little mind with many thoughts, dear, because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom, as the *Contadina* lets down the string from the cottage beam in winter, and culls a few branches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God, and, under God, my father. Surely, the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

Dante. Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth, the other stands fixed and solid and alone, above the violence of war and tempest, above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones, but the snow colossus soon melts. The good stand under the eye of God, and therefore stand.

COUNTRY BOYS

I plead guilty to a strong partiality towards that unpopular class of beings, country-boys. I have a large acquaintance amongst them, and I can almost say, that I know good of many and harm of none. In general they are an open, spirited, good-humoured race, with a proneness to embrace the pleasures and eschew the evils of their condition, a capacity for happiness, quite unmatched in man, or woman, or girl. They are patient, too, and bear their fate as scape-goats, (for all sins whatsoever are laid as matters of course to their door,) whether at home or abroad, with amazing resignation, and, considering the many lies of which they are the objects, they tell wonderfully few in return. The worst that can be said of them is, that they seldom, when grown to man's estate, keep the promise of their boyhood, but that is a fault to come—a fault that may not come, and ought not to be anticipated. It is astonishing how sensible they are to notice from their betters, or those whom they think such. I do not speak of money, or gifts, or praise, or the more coarse and common bribes—they are more delicate courtiers, a word, a nod, a smile, or the mere calling of them by their names, is enough to insure their hearts and their services. Half-a-dozen of them, poor urchins, have run away now to bring us chairs from their several homes. "Thank you, Joe Kirby!—you are always first—yes, that is just the place—I shall see every thing there. Have you been in yet, Joe?"—"No, ma'am! I go in next"—"Ah, I am glad of that—and now's the time. Really that was a pretty ball of Jem Eusden's!—I was sure it would go to the wicket. Run, Joe! They are waiting for you." There was small need to bid Joe Kirby make haste; I think he is, next to a race-horse, or a greyhound, or a deer, the fastest creature that

runs—the most completely alert and active Joe is mine especial friend, and leader of the “tender juveniles,” as Joel Brent is of the adults. In both instances this post of honour was gained by merit, even more remarkably so in Joe’s case than in Joel’s, for Joe is a less boy than many of his companions, (some of whom are fifteeners and sixteeners, quite as tall and nearly as old as Tom Coper,) and a poorer than all, as may be conjectured from the lamentable state of that patched round frock, and the ragged condition of those unpatched shoes, which would encumber, if any thing could, the light feet that wear them. But why should I lament the poverty that never troubles him? Joe is the merriest and happiest creature that ever lived twelve years in this wicked world. Care cannot come near him. He hath a perpetual smile on his round ruddy face, and a laugh in his hazel eye, that drives the witch away. He works at yonder farm on the top of the hill, where he is in such repute for intelligence and good-humour, that he has the honour of performing all the errands of the house, of helping the maid, the mistress, and the master, in addition to his own stated office of carter’s boy. There he works hard from five till seven, and then he comes here to work still harder, under the name of play—batting, bowling, and fielding, as if for life, filling the place of four boys, being, at a pinch, a whole eleven.

M R MITFORD, *Our Village*

A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCAH

Having resolved to perform the Meccah pilgrimage, I spent a few months in Cairo, and on the 22nd of May embarked in a small steamer at Suez. On the 25th the man at the wheel informed us that we were about to pass the village of Rabikhu on the Arabian coast, and that the time had consequently arrived for changing our usual habiliments

for the pilgrim costume of two towels, and for taking the various vows involved in its assumption: such as not to tie knots in any portion of our dress, not to oil the body, and not to cut our nails or hair, not to improve the tints of the latter with the coppery red of henna. After a complete ablution and assuming the ihram or pilgrim's dress, we performed the prayer-flections, and recited the meritorious sentences beginning with the words—"Here I am, O God, here I am!" etc

This prayer was repeated so often, people not unfrequently rushing up to their friends and shrieking the sacred sentences into their ears, that at last it became a signal for merriment rather than an indication of piety

After a journey of twenty hours across the Desert, we passed the barriers which mark the outermost limits of the sacred city, and ascending some giant steps, pitched our tents on a plain, or rather plateau, surrounded by barren rock, some of which, distant but a few yards, mask from view the birth place of the prophet. It was midnight; a few drops of rain were falling, and lightning played around us. Day after day we had watched its brightness from the sea, and many a faithful pilgrim had pointed out to his companions those fires which were Heaven's witness to the sanctity of the spot. "Thanks be to God we were now to gaze upon the 'Kiblah,'" to which every Mussulman has turned in prayer since the days of Mohammad, and which for long ages before the birth of Christianity was revered by the Patriarchs of the East. Soon after dawn arose from our midst the shout of "Labbaik! Labbaik!" and passing between the rocks, we found ourselves in the main street of Meccah and approached the "Gateway of Salvation," one of the thirty-nine portals of the Temple of Al-Haram.

On crossing this threshold we entered a vast unroofed quadrangle, a mighty amplification of the Palais Royal,

having on each of its four sides a broad colonnade, divided into three aisles by a multitude of slender columns, and rising to the height of about thirty feet

In the centre of the square area rises the far-famed Kābah, the funereal shade of which contrasts vividly with the sunlit-walls and precipices of the town. We at once advanced to the black stone imbedded in an angle of the Kābah, kissed it, and exclaimed—"In God's name and God is greatest." Then we commenced the usual seven rounds, three at a walking pace, and four at a brisk trot. Next followed two prayer-flections at the tomb of Abraham, after which we drank of the water of Zamzam, said to be the same which quenched the thirst of Hagar's exhausted son.

SIR RICHARD BURTON, *Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah*

THE ELDEST SON

The regard and affection which my father entertained for his first-born were natural enough, and appeared to none more so than myself, who cherished the same feelings towards him. What he was as a boy the reader already knows, for the reader has seen him as a boy, fain would I describe him at the time of which I am now speaking, when he had attained the verge of manhood, but the pen fails me, and I attempt not the task; and yet it ought to be an easy one, for how frequently does his form visit my mind's eye in slumber and in wakefulness, in the light of day, and in the night watches! But last night I saw him in his beauty and his strength, he was about to speak, and my ear was on the stretch, when at once I awoke, and there was I alone, and the night storm was howling amidst the branches of the pines which surround my lonely dwelling. "Listen to the moaning of the pine, at whose root the hut is fastened," a saying, that, of wild Finland, in which there is wisdom; I listened, and thought

of life and death.... Of all human beings that I had ever known, that eldest brother was the most frank and generous, ay, and the quickest and readiest, and the best adapted to do a great thing needful at the critical time, when the delay of a moment would be fatal. I have known him dash from a steep bank into a stream in his full dress, and pull out a man who was drowning, yet there were twenty others bathing in the water, who might have saved him by putting out a hand, without inconvenience to themselves, which, however, they did not do, but stared with stupid surprise at the drowning one's struggles. Yes, whilst some shouted from the bank to those in the water to save the drowning one, and those in the water did nothing, my brother neither shouted nor stood still, but dashed from the bank and did the one thing needful, which, under such circumstances, not one man in a million would have done. Now, who can wonder that a brave old man should love a son like this, and prefer him to any other?

"My boy, my own boy, you are the very image of myself, the day I took off my coat in the park to fight Big Ben," said my father, on meeting his son, wet and dripping, immediately after his bold feat. And who cannot excuse the honest pride of the old man—the stout old man?

GEORGE BORROW, *Lavengro*

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

It is tragic how few people ever "possess their souls" before they die. "Nothing is more rare in any man," says Emerson, "than an act of his own." It is quite true. Most people are other people. Their thoughts are some one else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation. Christ was not merely the supreme individualist, but he was the first individualist in history. People have tried to make

him out an ordinary philanthropist, or ranked him as an altruist with the unscientific and sentimental. But he was really neither one nor the other. Pity he has, of course, for the poor, for those who are shut up in prisons, for the lowly, for the wretched, but he has far more pity for the rich, for the hard hedonists, for those who waste their freedom in becoming slaves to things, for those who wear soft raiment and live in kings' houses. Riches and pleasure seemed to him to be really greater tragedies than poverty or sorrow. And as for altruism, who knew better than he that it is vocation not volition that determines us, and that one cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs from thistles?

OSCAR WILDE, *De Profundis*

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favour with King Henry the Third, who by the valour of this general obtained the great victory at Lincoln" In a later part of Henry's reign this baron committed great outrages, and was obliged to quit the kingdom, and as Fuller continues—"he went to Rome, none had more need to confess his fault, where he lived obscurely, died miserably, and was buried ignobly, anno 1226¹" Thus much for his character in history In the old play, called "The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England," which preceded SHAKESPEARE'S "King John," Faulconbridge is described as—

"A bastard of the king deceast,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous"

But in that drama several absurdities are introduced, thus Faulconbridge is made to aspire to the hand of the Lady Blanche, and when he demands combat from Austria, who in the Poet's belief had killed his heroic father, that Prince declines on the score of their unequal rank, whereupon King John is made to create his valiant kinsman "Duke of Normandy," both these mistakes are avoided by SHAKESPEARE, who invests this character with as much wit as courage, altogether superior to the coarse and scurilous personage in the older play, who furnished the hints for this noble soldier and chivalrous gentleman, who came, as he says—

"One way of the Plantagenets"

Arms of Foulke de Briant Gules a cinquefoil Argent
THOMSON

JAMES GURNEY

The name of Gournay, or Gurney, is of very ancient date, it is found on the Roll of Battle Abbey, and a Girurd de Gournay married Edith de Warren, granddaughter of the

Sed Lex qualis? Amor qualis?

Concordia qualis?

Lex exlex, amor exomus, concordia
discors'

¹ The date, circa 1228, ascribed by

Sir N H Nicolas for the death of this personage, is more likely to be correct, because there is a writ dated in 1227 to Fulcasius de Briant to give up Osbert Fitz Nigel RYMER'S *Fodera*

Conqueror Hugh de Gournay, a powerful baron in France as well as in England, was the subject of treaty between Philip of France and King Richard in 1196, and his name occurs in a treaty between Philip and John in 1204. The Gurneys of Norfolk can trace their pedigree to the Conquest, their history is given in a work printed for private circulation, entitled, "The Record of the House of Gournay," by Daniel Gurney, Esq., F.S.A.

SHERIFF of NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

In the early editions of the Poet's plays the only direction, in the first Scene, relating to this person is, "*Enter a Sheriff*." In modern editions we find, "*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex*." There can be no difficulty in naming this official, as Sir Simon de Pateshull was Sheriff of Northants for the last four years of King Richard's reign, and during the first four years of King John. One of the witnesses to two Charters granted to the City of London by John in his first year, dated June 17, 1199, is "Simon de Pateshull," no doubt this Sheriff, who was also Justice of the King's Court from 7 Richard I to 16 John, and is called by Matthew of Westminster "a noble faithful honest man." One of his descendants, John de Pateshull, was summoned to Parliament as a baron in 1342, and died in 1349.

In the "Troublesome Raigne" the "Shrive of Northamptonshire" calls himself "Thomas Nidigate," there was a family of this name in the reign of King John, now represented by Charles Newdigate Newdegate, Esq., M.P.

Arms of Pateshull—*Argent a fesse Sable between three crescents Gules*

PETER of POMFRET, a Prophet

The fate of this unhappy Seer, who foretold that John would resign his crown before Ascension Day in 1213, is

¹ Mr. Capell judiciously altered "Essex" from "Salisbury" as in the "Old Quartos," because the former noble, as Chief Justice, had control over the sheriffs.

recorded by Holinshed The king treated him as an impostor, notwithstanding he had yielded up his kingdom to the Pope, and Peter was hanged on a gibbet, with his innocent son, at Warham, having been dragged through the streets at the tails of horses

PHILIP, KING of FRANCE

This monarch, second of his name, and called also "Augustus," succeeded his father, Louis VII, in 1180, when only fifteen years of age He joined King Richard and other great Princes in the Third Crusade, but his jealousy of Cœur-de-Lion's reputation for superior daring made him return to France, where he intrigued with John *Lack-land* to obtain possession of Normandy, in return for his support to that unscrupulous prince in his views to the English crown, during his brother's absence from his kingdom, first in Palestine, and afterwards during his imprisonment in Germany, to whose Emperor, Henry VI, Philip offered an immense sum of money if he would detain Richard in captivity The war which Cœur-de-Lion waged on his perfidious rival, when released from a foreign prison, was cut short by his death from the arrow of Bertrand de Gourdon, at the siege of Castle Chalus, in 1199

After the death of Prince Arthur John lost one town after another in Normandy, which was finally recovered by Philip, after a separation of nearly three centuries from the French crown, and which had descended from Rollo the first Duke in 911, to his unworthy successor, John of England, twelfth and last Duke of Normandy, in 1204 King Philip died in 1223, and by his wife Isabel, daughter of Baldwin, earl of Hainault and Flanders, was father of the next character

Arms of Philip, King of France—*Azure semée-de-lis Or*
These are styled *France Ancient*

LEWIS, the Dauphin

This Prince was born in 1187, and it had been agreed, in one of the truces between his father and Richard of England,

that the Dauphin should marry the Princess Eleanor of Brittany, but this arrangement was broken off. The treaty with King John was more successful, by which Louis married that monarch's niece, Blanche of Castile, in 1202. This union was one of great happiness, the French historians love to record that during the twenty-four years it lasted they were never known to differ, and were seldom asunder. When King John, to avenge himself upon his discontented barons, ravaged their castles from Dover to Berwick, his nobles, in an unhappy hour, offered to acknowledge the Dauphin as their sovereign, if he would protect them against John's violence, founding their application on the plea that Blanche, the wife of Louis, was descended from King Henry II. Thus in the play Pandolph tells the Dauphin, alluding to the probable fate of Prince Arthur, Act III. Scene 4,—

' You in the right of lady Blanche your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did '

This offer was too tempting to be refused, and Louis landed in England with a large body of troops¹, and was joined by many English lords, but dissensions creeping in among the new allies the English barons began to repent of their defection, and followed Salisbury's example in returning to their allegiance, and eventually the Dauphin, soon after the accession of Henry III, was compelled to abandon his enterprise, and conclude a peace. At the death of Philip Augustus, in 1223, the Dauphin succeeded as Louis VIII, but he only reigned three years, dying in 1226, leaving his young son, Louis IX, commonly called "Saint Louis," under the able guardianship of Queen Blanche.

Arms of the Dauphin of France—Quarterly 1 and 4, *Azure semée of fleurs-de-lis Or*, 2 and 3 *Or a dolphin haurient embowed Argent*²

¹ Prince Lewis landed at Stonor, one mile from Sandwich, in Kent, the town, once of importance, was burnt by the French in 1385.

² Perhaps it is too early to assign the title of "Dauphin" to the eldest son of a French monarch at this date, as it is generally understood that it came in the next century on this wise

—Humbert III the Count Dauphin of the Viennois, about the year 1345, bequeathed or ceded his territory to Philip of Valois, on condition of his eldest son taking the title of Dauphin, and the arms of the province. The style had been first assumed circa 1140 by Guy IV, Count of the Viennois, who took the dolphin for his arms from the name

ARCH-DUKE of AUSTRIA

Much confusion has been made with this personage, and SHAKESPEARE has followed some of the mistakes in "the Troublesome Raigne," where he is called "Lymoges the Austrich Duke." The fact is that the author of that play has united under one character the two individuals who were enemies to Cœur-de-Lion. By "Lymoges" we are to understand Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, whose vassal having found, as was reported to King Richard, a treasure of golden statues, representing a Roman emperor, with his wife, sons, and daughters, seated at a golden table, was required to yield up the prize to Richard as Suzerain of the Limousin, and on Vidomar's refusal he was besieged in his castle at Chaluz-Chabirol, before which the heroic king received the wound of which he died twelve days after, viz April 6, 1199. As before noticed, this Lymoges was slain by Faulconbridge in 1200.

The Arch-duke of Austria really had no part in the death of Cœur-de-Lion, as supposed in the two plays, and the individual prince who had basely imprisoned that noble Crusader, on his return from Palestine, was Leopold V, second Duke, and first Arch-duke of Austria, in revenge for the indignity inflicted by King Richard in tearing down his banner from the walls of Acre, an affront which Sir Walter Scott has so well described in *The Talisman*. Other reasons of a family nature had excited the ill-will of Austria, who, penetrating the disguise of Richard as "Hugh the Merchant," seized him in Vienna, threw him into prison, and then gave him up to the Emperor, who was compelled by the demand of the great vassals of the empire, and the dread of a papal interdict, to release the lion-hearted king in 1194, on the payment of a large ransom¹. The pretty story, still so often repeated, of Richard being discovered in the castle of Tenebreuse by his faithful minstrel, Blondel, singing under the walls of his prison one verse of a chançon, to which the royal

of the province, Dauphiny Philip, son of Philip of Valois, is believed to be the first prince who bore the style and arms of the Dolphin, as he was called, or Delphinus.

¹ M. Thierry states that the Emperor sent one third of Richard's ransom to the Duke of Austria, as his share of prize money. Cœur de Lion was confined by the Emperor in a fortress at Worms.

captive answered by another, is, alas! for the lovers of romance, only a pleasing fiction Leopold V, who is said to have repented of his conduct towards King Richard, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1194, before the action of this play begins, and five years before the death of Richard, the assertion therefore that he—

“By this brave duke came early to his grave,”

does not agree with history The Arch-duke of Austria, from 1194 to 1230, was Leopold VI, the son of the personage above noticed

Arms of the Arch-duke of Austria —Gules a fesse Argent

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate¹

This eminent ecclesiastic is called, in Magna Charta, “Master Pandulph, the Pope's Sub-deacon and Familiar” PANDULPHUS DE MASCA, a native of Pisa, was made “Cardinal of the Twelve Apostles” in 1182 He was appointed one of the guardians of Henry III, who rewarded his services in obtaining peace with the French by the bishopric of Norwich, to which he was elected in 1218, he died in 1226, having amassed great wealth It was not Pandulph, but Cardinal James Gualo, who opposed the intention of the Dauphin to invade England, Act v Scene 2

Arms of Cardinal Pandulph —Sabl a cross lozengy, in the first and second quarters an escallop shell Or

MELUN, a French Lord

The “Vicomte de Melun” is named in history as an adherent of the Dauphin, and who, falling sick in London, sent for his friends among the English barons who had joined the French, and gave them timely warning, as in the play, of the Dauphin's secret intentions against their lives and estates The “Count de Melun” is mentioned in a treaty, dated A D

¹ The place where King John yielded up the circle of his glory to Cardinal Pandulph, Act v Scene 1, is said to be the Preceptory of the Knights Tem

plars, at Swingfield, five miles N of Folkestone, in Kent, of which some remains exist, though now used as a farm house

1194, between the Kings of England and France, and is probably the person in this play

It would be interesting to discover whether SHAKESPEARE, following the Old Play, had any authority for deriving Melun from an English ancestor, he states one of the reasons for warning the barons of their impending fate —

“For that my grandsire was an Englishman”

Robert de Melun, Bishop of Hereford, AD 1163—1166, was one of the chief opponents of Thomas à Becket, he was called “Episcopus Anglorum sapientissimus”

Arms of Melun, Seigneur d'Espinay—*Azure* seven bezants, three three and one, a chief *Or* DUBUISSON

CHATILLON, AMBASSADOR from FRANCE to KING JOHN

As King Philip would without doubt send a person of exalted rank upon so important an embassy as that which opens this play, it may be inferred that this individual is HUGH de CHATILLON, who is named, with his brother Guy, Count de St Pol, among the Grand Peers of France, who were assembled in a Parliament at Paris in 1223. In the treaty between King Richard and Philip Augustus, dated July 23, 1194, the concluding article sets forth,—“Now Gervais de Chatillon, as representative of the King of France, has sworn to observe all the articles above recited, and maintain the truce” He therefore might be the person sent as ambassador to England, five years after the above date. The family has played an important part in history. Stephen, Count of Chatillon, opposed Philip of France, when he came to the crown in 1180. In 1187 Reginald de Chatillon, Regent of Antioch, having seized a fortress belonging to the Sultan Saladin, was taken prisoner, and refusing to abjure the Christian faith, was put to death by the Sultan's own hand. Jacques de Chatillon, Admiral of France, was slain at Agincourt. The family of Chatillon, Counts of St Pol, made several alliances with the royal houses of France and England.

Arms of Chatillon—*Gules* three pallets *Vaire*, a chief *Or* DUBUISSON

QUEEN ELINOR

This princess was the daughter and heir of William V, Duke of Aquitaine, and Count of Poitou, which provinces she had carried to the crown of France, when she married Louis VII, who on his divorce from her restored them, and when Elinor married secondly Henry Plantagenet, in 1152, she brought her rich dowry to her young husband, who on becoming King of England was possessed of Maine, Anjou, and Touraine, from his father, Geoffrey of Anjou, of Normandy from his mother, the Empress Maud, and of Guienne, Poitou, Xaintonge, Auvergne, Perigord, Angoumois, and the Limousin, by his wife, to which he added Britany by conquest. Henry's vast continental territories, stretching from the Seine to the Garonne, embracing nearly one half of France, made him a formidable vassal to his superior lord.

The children of Henry II and Elinor were five sons and three daughters, 1 WILLIAM, who died young, 2 HENRY, called *Curt-mantel*, and "Rex Junior," born 1156, this young prince was actually twice crowned in his father's life-time, he died without issue in 1183, 3 RICHARD, Count of Poitou, afterwards King, 4 GEOFFREY, born 1158, and 5 JOHN *Lackland*. The daughters were, 1 MATILDA, who married HENRY the *Lion* of Saxony, ancestor of the House of Brunswick, 2 ELEANOR, who espoused Alphonso VIII, King of Castile, 3 JOANNA, who married William, King of Sicily.

King Henry died in 1189. When her son King Richard was detained in a foreign prison, his mother not only exerted herself to raise the sum required for his ransom, but carried it to Germany. It was also Queen Elinor who negotiated the union between the Dauphin and her granddaughter Blanche, and she was present at Burgos, in Spain, when the marriage was celebrated by proxy. The Queen was jealous of Constance, her son Geoffrey's widow, fearing the influence she would obtain if her son Arthur should come to the throne of England, but historians relate to her credit that she pleaded warmly for the safety of the young prince, when he was taken prisoner by his uncle John. Queen Elinor died in 1204, at the Abbey of Fontevraux, where she had taken the veil in 1202. Hoveden states that she retired there.

shortly after the marriage of Blanche, on account of her age, eighty years, and the fatigue of her journey from Spain, "*Senio et longi itineris labore fatigata*"

CONSTANCE, MOTHER to ARTHUR

Her father was Conan *le Petit*, Duke of Britany, and Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire, whose wife was Margaret, daughter of Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, son of David I King of Scots. SHAKSPEARE has made Constance sublime in her sorrow, and truly grand in her maternal affection for her "pretty Arthur," but she was not, as she describes herself,—

"A widow, husbandless,"—

for at the time she was married to her third husband, Guy, Viscount of Thouars, having been divorced from her second husband, Ralph de Blundevill, Earl of Chester. By her third husband Constance had two daughters, of whom the eldest, Alice, became the heiress of Britany, and married Peter de Dreux, grandson of Louis VI, who in her right became Earl of Richmond and Duke of Britany, their son, John de Dreux, enjoyed these titles, and by his wife, Blanche of Navarre, had a son, John, who married the Princess Beatrice, daughter of Henry III, and their grandson, John de Dreux, KG married the Princess Mary, third daughter of Edward III, and their descendant in the fourth generation, ANNE, the great heiress of Britany, who had been *promised* to the eldest son of Edward IV, *affianced* to Maximilian, King of the Romans, was *marrud* first to Charles VIII, and after his death to his successor, Louis XII, and thus Bretagne became once more part of the French empire. The Lady Constance died at Nantes in the year 1201, August 31, therefore long before the death of Queen Elinor, although in the play the events are described as taking place close together, by the "Messenger" who tells King John, in Act IV Scene 2,—

"the first of April died
Your noble mother, and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before"

BLANCHE of SPAIN, NIECE to KING JOHN

The words used by one of the citizens of Angers, Act II Scene 2, and which in early editions are strangely allotted to "*Hub*" (Hubert),—

"That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch,
Is neere to Lngland,"

have been considered by some critics to contain a misprint, and they maintain that SHAKSPEARE wrote *neece*, and not *neere*. This excellent Princess was daughter of Alphonso VIII King of Castile and Leon, and the Princess Eleanor of England. After the death of her husband, Louis VIII, the Dauphin in this play, Blanche displayed great abilities as Regent of France, during the minority of her son, Louis IX, and afterwards during his first Crusade. Blanche, who was as remarkable for personal beauty as for talent, died in 1254, and from her union with the Dauphin have descended all the succeeding kings of France, including the Royal Houses of Valois, Bourbon, and Orleans, and her granddaughter, Isabel of France, was the mother of Edward the Third, King of England.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Some writers assert that the mother of Philip Faulconbridge was a lady of Poitou, of which province Cœur-de-Lion was made count or earl by his father, with half its revenues for his support, he was much engaged in his foreign *apanage*, before he came to the throne of England.

KING RICHARD II

*KING RICHARD the SECOND reigned from A D 1377,
to A D 1399*

THE action of this play takes in the two last years of this unhappy monarch's reign, viz 1398, when the combat was appointed between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, and 1399, when the deposition of Richard occurred. The chief events of this drama spring from the relationship between the cousins, Richard and Bolingbroke. Some mistakes have been made by commentators in fixing the identity of characters in this play, and there are several persons named in it, who though not taking part in its action deserve to be noticed, as they bore a share in the real events.

RICHARD was the fifth king of England after King John, from whom he was sixth in lineal descent, his father, the Black Prince, dying before Edward the Third. As much of the interest of this and succeeding plays arises from the contending claims of that great king's descendants, it will save repetition to give here an account of his offspring and their families.

EDWARD III, eldest son of Edward II and Isabel of France, married in 1327, PHILIPPA, third daughter of William, Count of Hainault, by whom he had seven sons,—

“Seven fair branches springing from one root,”

and five daughters, the latter were, 1 ISABEL, who married Ingelram de Coucy, created Earl of Bedford, 2 JOAN, died young, 3 BLANCHE, also died young, 4 MARY, who married John the *Valiant*, Duke of Britany, 5 MARGARET, who became the wife of John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, but died

without issue The sons of King Edward were, 1 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, called "the Black Prince," born 1330, who in 1361 married his cousin Joan, called, from her exceeding beauty, "the Fair Maid of Kent," she was the widow of the brave Sir Thomas Holland, one of the original Twenty-five Knights of the Garter, termed "First Founders," and only daughter and heir of Edmund of *Woodstock*, Earl of Kent, the youngest son of Edward I, by his second queen, Margaret of France, 2 WILLIAM of *Hatfield*, born 1336, who died at the age of eight years, 3 LIONEL of *Antwerp*, Duke of Clarence, and Earl of Ulster, born 1338 (died 1368), married in 1352 Elizabeth (who died in 1363), daughter and heir of William de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, and by her had an only child, PHILIPPA PLANTAGENET, born 1355, who in 1368 married EDMUND MORTIMER, third Earl of March, and their eldest son, Roger Mortimer, was father of Edmund Mortimer, who was the rightful heir to the crown at the death of Richard the Second, and his sister, ANN MORTIMER becoming his heir, conveyed the right to the throne to the House of York, as will be shewn presently, 4 JOHN of *Gaunt*, or *Ghent*, where he was born in 1340, Duke of Lancaster, who married first, in 1359, Blanche, youngest daughter and co-heir of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, the grandson of Edmund *Crouchback*, next brother to Edward I, the only surviving son of this marriage was Henry Bolingbroke, 5 EDMUND of *Langley*, Duke of York, and Earl of Cambridge, born 1341, who married first Isabel, youngest daughter of Peter the *Cruel*, King of Castile and Leon, by whom he had one daughter, Constance, married to Thomas le Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, who is the "Spencer" mentioned in Act IV Scene 6, beheaded for his adherence to King Richard, the two sons of Edmund of Langley's first marriage were, Edward, who is the "Aumerle" of this play, and Richard of *Coningsburg*, who is the "Earl of Cambridge" in *King Henry V*, and who married Anne Mortimer, of which hereafter, 6 WILLIAM of *Windsor*, died young, and 7 THOMAS of *Woodstock*, born 1355, who is the "Duke of Gloucester" spoken of in this play

Edward the *Black Prince*, who is nobly alluded to in this drama, and in *King Henry V*, died in the prime of life, as to age, but worn out by a wasting consumption, July 8, 1376,

having had by Joan, "Fair Maid of Kent," two sons, Edward, born in 1365, a promising youth, who died in Bordeaux, before his father, and RICHARD of *Bordeaux*, born there January 6, 1366, who succeeded his illustrious grandfather, Edward the Third, June 21, 1377, and was crowned July 16 following. He was therefore in the twenty-second year of his reign when this play opens, and the only two surviving sons of Edward III were the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the murder of the Duke of Gloucester having taken place in 1397, a deed of crime which in a great measure led the way to the complications, and final catastrophe, recorded in the drama.

King Richard married first, January 14, 1382, ANNE of Bohemia, daughter of Charles IV, Emperor of Germany, this queen, to whom Richard was tenderly attached, died June 7, 1394, he married secondly ISABELL of France, who is therefore the "Queen to King Richard" in the play, but she was a mere child. Richard's death is generally considered to have occurred February 14, 1400, the old chroniclers being precise in stating that it was on St Valentine's day.

Arms of Richard II—He adopted the arms ascribed to his patron, St Edward the Confessor, viz *Azure* a cross patee between five martlets *Or*, this coat he impaled with the arms of FRANCE *ancient* and ENGLAND quarterly. His favourite badge was a White Hart lodged, ducally gorged, and chained, which he derived through his mother Joan, Countess of Kent, and Lady of Wake. This badge is much introduced among the enrichments of Westminster Hall, which Richard had completed shortly before his forced abdication, which occurred September 29, 1399.

JOHN of GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster

It is usual to place the Duke of York first in order, but as John of *Gaunt* was the elder brother he is entitled to precedence. By his first marriage, already given, he had besides Henry Bolingbroke two other sons, John and Edward, who died young, and two daughters, Philippa, who married John I, King of Portugal, and Elizabeth, who became the wife of John Holland, (son of Joan, "Fair Maid of Kent," by her

IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

first husband), Earl of Huntingdon, and Duke of Exeter, under which titles he is alluded to in this play John of *Gaunt's* second wife, 1372, was Constance, (who died 1394,) eldest daughter of Peter the *Cruel*, King of Castile and Leon, a style which John of *Gaunt* assumed for a time, by this union he had an only child, Katherine, married to the Prince of the Asturias, who afterwards became king of Castile and Leon as Henri III, and from this marriage descends the Imperial House of Austria

John of *Gaunt* married thirdly, in 1396, Catherine Swynford, widow of Sir Otes Swynford, and eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Payn Roet, Knight, Guienne King at Arms, by this lady, who had been governess to his two eldest daughters, he had three sons and one daughter, all born before their mother's marriage, but made legitimate by Act of Parliament in 1397 These children had the name of BEAUFORT, from their father's castle in Anjou, where they were born Their connection with royalty exercised great influence in subsequent reigns, and they will be noticed hereafter

John of *Gaunt* died Feb 2, 1399, at Ely House, as noticed in the play, his noble palace, the Savoy¹, having been sacked and set on fire by the rebels under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw He had also a splendid palace at Lincoln, which he is said to have built for Catherine Swynford, of which some interesting portions remain to attest its former beauty It is greatly to the credit of "Time-honour'd Lancaster," that he was the personal protector, at much hazard to himself, of Wicliffe, and the steady friend of Geoffrey Chaucer, who married Isabella Roet, a younger sister of the duke's third wife

Arms of John of Gaunt, K G—*Gules* three lions passant guardant *Or*, a label of five points charged with fleurs-de-lis *Gules*

EDMUND of LANGLEY, Duke of York

This prince was of more quiet habit than his brothers, and his natural indolence caused him to give way to the more impetuous Lancaster, and the turbulent Gloucester, during

¹ "Then accounted the fairest structure in England"—STOW

the minority of the young king, who, however, on his going to Ireland appointed the Duke of York to be Regent during his absence. It was whilst Richard was away, that the banished Bolingbroke, now Duke of Lancaster by his father's death, landed at Ravenspur, July 4, 1399, and the Duke of York marched at the head of a large force against him, but his soldiers soon evinced more inclination to side with the popular Bolingbroke than to support the royal leader,—

“Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly”

SHAKESPEARE portrays him in what appears to be his true character, loyal and amiable, but weak and irresolute. The “aged York” at the accession of Henry IV retired to his palace at King’s Langley, co Herts, and died there in 1402. His first wife, Isabel, died in 1394, before the play opens, therefore the “Duchess of York” must be his second wife, Joan Holland, third daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, son of Joan, “Fair Maid,” but the Duke of York had no issue by this marriage.

Arms of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, K G—Quarterly FRANCE ancient and ENGLAND, a label Argent, charged with nine torteauxes.

HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford

This personage, who is best known by the name of his father's castle, at Bolingbroke, co Lincoln, where he was born in 1366, was of the same age as King Richard, and the cousins appear to have been rivals in childhood, as through life Richard accused his cousin of having drawn sword upon him even in his queen's chamber, and Bolingbroke told the king that the people believed him to be the son of a priest, and not of the Black Prince. Mr Hallam, speaking of the controversy between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, observes,—“of all the political mysteries which this reign affords, none is more inexplicable than the quarrel of these peers” *Middle Ages*. Froissart states that it arose from Mowbray repeating to the king a conversation he had had with Bolingbroke, which the latter regarded as a breach of trust,—“Fair Cousin, what thinketh the King our Cousin to do, will he

drive out of England all the Noble-men ? within a while there will be none left" Holinshed relates that Hereford accused Norfolk of certain words sounding highly to the king's dishonour One part of his plea against that noble was certainly true,—

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death"

SHAKSPEARE frequently calls Bolingbroke by his title of Hereford, which came to him through his having married, in 1380, the great co-heiress, Mary de Bohun, second daughter of Humphrey, the last Earl of Hereford of the name, who died in 1372 Bolingbroke, hitherto Earl of Derby, was created Duke of Hereford by King Richard, Sept 29, 1397 The poet has followed the old chroniclers in describing the quarrel which resulted in the banishment of the antagonists During Bolingbroke's exile, his first wife, Mary de Bohun, having died in 1394, he wished to marry Mary, daughter of the Duke de Berry, an alliance which was broken off by Richard's influence, as alluded to in the play The unjust seizure of

"The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford,"

added fresh cause of ill-will between the cousins, and Bolingbroke, who had served with distinction abroad, and was very popular at home, seized the opportunity of Richard's ill-advised departure for Ireland to avenge the death of his heir-presumptive, Roger Mortimer, and embarking for England with a small train was soon joined on his landing at Ravenspur¹ by many powerful lords The rest of his rapid progress towards the throne, with Richard's abdication, is well expressed by the poet, whose line, uttered by Bolingbroke,—

"In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne,"

refers to the bold assertion made by him that he was entitled

¹ The port of Ravenspur, so memorable for the landing, first of Bolingbroke in 1399, and secondly for that of Edward IV in 1471, is no longer to be found in the map of Yorkshire, having

been swept away by the ravages of the German Ocean It was near the southernmost point of the coast, Spurn Head, at the entrance of the Humber, and not far from Kilnsea

to the crown, "by the right line of the blood, coming from the good lord King Henry the Third," pretending that his maternal ancestor, Edmund *Cruche-back*, was that monarch's *eldest* son, who had been set aside for a younger brother, afterwards king, as Edward the First, who was really six years older. The truth is that Bolingbroke could have no title to the throne, the rightful heir, as descended from Lionel of Clarence, being EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March, who had been declared in Parliament heir to the crown after King Richard, but being only about seven years old at that king's deposition, "his friends consulted his safety, by keeping silence with regard to his claim." HUME.

Arms of Henry Bolingbroke, K G—As Earl of Derby he bore ENGLAND with a label of FRANCE, afterwards as Duke of Lancaster, Quarterly FRANCE *ancient* and ENGLAND, with a label of five points, the three dexter *Ermine* for BRITANY, and the two sinister charged with fleurs-de-lis.

DUKE of AUMERLE

This prince, EDWARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of the Duke of York, was raised, Sept 29, 1397, from being Earl of Rutland to be Duke of Albemarle, or Aumerle. He was deeply implicated in the murder of his uncle Gloucester. He attended King Richard to Ireland, but deserted his cause, and joined Bolingbroke before Flint Castle. The whole of his early career is marked by deceit and treachery to both parties, and Richard told him to his face that "he was unworthy of the appellation of duke, earl, or knight." Bolingbroke, when king, degraded him to his former rank, thus his father tells his duchess, Act v. Scene 2,—

"Aumerle that was,
For that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now."

For his share in the plot against Henry IV he was pardoned, a fact which is so admirably worked out in the play, and Aumerle lived to succeed his father as "Duke of York," under which style he will be found in *King Henry V*.

Arms of Aumerle, K G—Quarterly FRANCE *ancient*

and ENGLAND, a label of three points *Gules*, on each point three castles *Or*, for CASILE

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk

This peer was THOMAS MOWBRAY, sixth Baron Mowbray, created Earl of Nottingham in 1383, and in 1397 Duke of Norfolk, in virtue of his descent from Edward the First's younger son, Thomas of *Brotherton*, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. The great family of Mowbray came in with the Conqueror, and Roger de Mowbray was one of the generals at the Battle of the Standard, fought at Northallerton in 1138. His grandson, William de Mowbray, was one of the Twenty-five Barons of Magna Charta (as was his brother Roger), and his descendant, John de Mowbray, married the lady Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, and their son, John, fourth Lord Mowbray of Axholme, married Elizabeth Segrave, only daughter and heir of John Lord Segrave by his wife MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Duchess of Norfolk, eldest daughter and eventually sole heir of THOMAS of *Brotherton*. This fourth baron had two sons, John the eldest, at whose death, without issue, his brother, Thomas, the character in this play, became sixth Lord Mowbray, and Earl Marshal, he was loaded with favours by King Richard, and made a K G. As the result of his quarrel with Bolingbroke the king pronounced against him the "heavy sentence" of perpetual exile, he died at Venice, A D 1400, of grief, or according to some writers from pestilence, as he was returning from Palestine. The Bishop of Carlisle, in Act IV Scene 1, alludes to Mowbray's death, and that he

"retir'd himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth"

The Duke of Norfolk had by his second wife, Elizabeth Fitz-alan, daughter of Richard, tenth Earl of Arundel, two sons, and two daughters, the eldest son, Thomas, on account of his father's attainder, simply bore the old ancestral title of "Lord Mowbray," under which name he is a character in the *Second Part of King Henry IV*, the second son, John Mowbray, was restored to his father's dignity as Duke of

Norfolk, and his grandson will be found under that title in the *Third Part of King Henry VI*. Of the banished duke's daughters, the eldest, MARGARET MOWBRAY, by her marriage with Sir ROBERT HOWARD, eventually carried the honours of the Mowbrays into a new family, their son is the "Jockey of Norfolk" in the play of *King Richard III*. The second daughter, Isabel Mowbray, married James, sixth Lord Berkeley.

Arms of Thomas Mowbray, K G—Gules a lion rampant Argent

DUKE of SURREY

This personage was THOMAS HOLLAND, third Earl of Kent, son of Thomas, second Earl, by his wife Alice Fitz-alan, eldest daughter of Richard, ninth Earl of Arundel, and grandson of Sir Thomas Holland, K G and Joan, "Fair Maid of Kent". The Thomas Holland in this play succeeded his father in 1397, as Earl of Kent, and was created by King Richard, Sept. 29, 1397, Duke of Surrey, he is the only nobleman that has ever borne that title. He was also constituted Lieutenant of Ireland, and a K G as one of the adherents of the deposed king he was degraded by Henry IV at his accession, to his former title of Kent, and joining in the plot against that monarch, he escaped after its detection to Cirencester with the Earl of Salisbury, when they were routed by the townsfolk, and, being taken and executed, their heads were set upon London Bridge. This nobleman married Joan Stafford, third daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford, but died without issue.

Arms of Thomas Holland, K G—Azure semée-de-lis, a lion rampant guardant Or

EARL of SALISBURY

This loyal noble is not connected with the Earl of Salisbury in *King John*, but was Sir JOHN de MONTACUTE, third Earl of Salisbury of that surname, son of Sir John de Montacute, one of the heroes of Cressy, who married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Monthermer, whose father, Ralph de Monthermer, married a daughter of Edward the First, the Princess Joan of Acres, widow of Gilbert de Clare. The

Earl in this play was one of the few who adhered faithfully to the fortunes of King Richard, and he joined the two Hollands, "Kent," and "Huntingdon¹" (the latter being the person called by Bolingbroke in derision, "our trusty brother-in-law"), when they proposed to surprise the new king at Windsor under the guise of Christmas mummers, but on the discovery of the plot, Salisbury suffered with the Earl of Kent, as alluded to in the play, in the last scene, where Northumberland says,—

"I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent"

This last line, which is the reading in the folio of 1623, agrees with history better than the line in the quartos,—

"The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent,"

for Thomas Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, was beheaded in 1400 as a rebel to Henry IV, whilst the then Earl of Oxford, Aubrey de Vere, though dying in the same year, was too infirm to take a part in plots, or even in his office of hereditary Lord High Chamberlain

The Earl of Salisbury married Maud, daughter of Sir Adam Francis, Knight, Sheriff of Herts, 1392, by whom he had, with other children, his eldest son, Thomas, who was restored to his father's forfeited honours, he is the valiant "Earl of Salisbury" in *King Henry V*, and also figures in the *First Part of King Henry VI*

Arms of Montacute — *Argent* three fusils in fesse *Gules*
These are borne by the ducal house of Manchester (Montagu), descended from Sir Simon de Montacute, younger brother of the Earl of Salisbury in this play

LORD BERKELEY

It has been usual to style this character "Earl Berkeley," but that rank was not granted to the family until the reign

¹ "Kent" was Thomas Holland, third Earl, degraded from his superior title, Duke of Surrey, as before noticed, he was nephew to King Richard, and also to "Huntingdon," who was John Holland, who had been degraded from

the title of Duke of Exeter, he was half brother, on the mother's side, to King Richard, and was brother in law to Bolingbroke, having married Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of John of Gaunt and Blanch of Lancaster

of Charles the Second, when George, thirteenth Baron Berkeley, was advanced, in 1699, to be Earl Berkeley, Viscount Dursley SHAKSPEARE only calls this character a baron,—

"It is my lord of Berkeley as I guess"

This person was THOMAS BERKELEY, fifth baron, descended from the feudal lords of Berkeley Castle, co Gloucester, the mere tenure of which was, at one time, considered to confer a barony, as is truly the case of Arundel Castle This baron, who died in 1416, married Margaret de L'Isle, only daughter and heir of Warine, last Lord de L'Isle, and their only child, Elizabeth Berkeley, married Richard Beauchamp, the "Earl of Warwick" in the *Second Part of King Henry IV* and also in *King Henry V*

The commission appointed by the Parliament to declare to Richard II, in the Tower, his sentence of deposition, consisted of "a bishop," St Asaph, "an abbot," Glastonbury, "an earl," Thomas Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, "a baron," the Lord Berkeley of this play, and "a knight," Sir Thomas Erpingham—GRAFION, who also adds Sir Thomas Grey, Knight, to the list

In all modern editions the heading to Act III Scene 2, is,

"The Coast of Wales A Castle in view"

"K Rich Barkloughly Castle, call they this at hand"

But Berkeley Castle, about a mile from the east bank of the Severn, would not be opposite to the Welch coast, but to a division of the same county of Gloucester

Arms of Berkeley—Gules a chevron between ten crosses patée, six in chief, and four in base *Argent*

BUSHY }
BAGOT } *Creatures to King Richard*
GREEN }

It is usual to bracket the names of these three persons together, with the above opprobrious epithet, but it is not SHAKSPEARE'S language, it is true that he calls them

"The caterpillars of the commonwealth,"

and chief among the evil councillors of King Richard, by whose profuse extravagance they largely profited Fabyan

says, "In this 22 year of King Richard the common fame ran that the king had letten to farm the realm unto Sir William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, and then Treasurer of England, to Sir John Bushy, Sir John Bigot, and Sir Henry Green, Knights" In the play only the first of these persons is named as enjoying this great and unconstitutional privilege,—

"The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm"

Sir JOHN BUSHY was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1394, and, with Sir Henry Green, was one of the six commoners appointed to act with twelve peers, as Commissioners in 1398, invested with the whole power of the Lords and Commons Sir John Bushy, or Bussey as the name is found in later times, was Sheriff co Lincoln, 2, 4, and 14 Richard II Grafton attributes the death of the Earl of Arundel, and the exile of his brother, the archbishop, chiefly to the influence of Sir John Bushy His *Arms* were *Argent* three bars *Sable*

It would appear that the real Christian name of Bagot should be William, and he is so called in a writ, dated St Alban's, July 12, 1399, addressed to "William le Scrop, Earl of Wiltshire, John Bussy, Henry Grene, and William Bagot, chivalers," respecting the keeping of Wallingford Castle, in which Richard's queen, Isabel, then lay RYMER'S *Fadera* Sir WILLIAM BAGOT, the person intended in this play, was Sheriff co Leicester, 6 and 7 Richard II, and Knight of the Shire, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, and 20 Richard II He escaped from Bristol Castle, and joined the king in Ireland, but on his return was committed by Henry IV to the Tower, whence he was released November 12, 1400, and being received into favour served again in Parliament He died in 1407, and was buried at Baginton, co Warwick, leaving by his wife, Margaret, sister and heir of Robert de Whatton, an only daughter, Isabel, who married Thomas Stafford, of Pipe, co Hereford Bolingbroke, the night before his intended combat with Mowbray, lodged at Sir William Bagot's manor-house at Baginton, a short distance from Gosford-green, near Coventry, where the lists were formed, on "St Lambert's Day," September 17, 1398

• *Arms of Sir William Bagot*—*Ermine* two chevrons *l'Azur*, which are borne by the present Lord Bagot, of Blith-

field, co Stafford, where the family of Bagot has been seated since the Conquest

Sir HENRY GREEN appears to be the second son of Sir Henry Green, Justice of the King's Bench, 23 Edward III, by Catharine his wife, daughter and heir of Sir John Drayton, of Drayton, co Northampton, and the character in the play became Sir Henry Green of Drayton, his elder brother, Sir Thomas, inheriting Boughton and Green's-Norton The second Sir Henry Green married Matilda, daughter of Thomas Mauduit of Warminster, and had issue

Bolingbroke besieged Richard's obnoxious ministers in Bristol Castle, and with the exception of Bagot had them executed, without a trial,—

Aumerle Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads "

Arms of Sir Henry Green—*Azure* three bucks trippant
On

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HENRY PERCY, his Son

These nobles were the chief supporters of Bolingbroke in his views to the crown, although they were afterwards in arms against him, as will be seen in the next play The great house of Percy descended from one of the Norman captains who fought at Hastings, William de Percy, who was rewarded with a barony of thirty knights' fees, and the hand of the Saxon heiress of the lands, Emma de Port He accompanied Duke Robert *Courte-hose*, to the Holy Land, where he died in 1096, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Alan de Percy, whose son William, by his wife Alice de Clare, had two daughters, of whom the second, Agnes de Percy, became sole heiress, she married the brother of Adelaide, second queen of Henry I, Jocelyn de Louvain, who thereupon adopted the surname of Percy, their descendant, Henry de Percy, ninth feudal lord, was summoned to Parliament by writ 27 Edward I, 1299, he obtained by purchase the barony and castle of Alnwick, co Northumberland, still one of the proud possessions of the house of Percy His grandson of the same name,

third Baron Percy of Alnwick, one of the heroes of Cressy, inherited the barony and castle of Warkworth, which had been given to his father by Edward III, by his wife, the lady Mary Plantagenet, youngest daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, son of Edmund *Cruche-back*, Henry Percy had two sons, both important characters in SHAKSPEARE'S plays, and in history, the eldest being HENRY PERCY, the Earl of Northumberland in this play, and the second son, THOMAS PERCY, is the Earl of Worcester in the next drama. There was, it will be seen, a close affinity between the families of Lancaster and Percy, for Bolingbroke's mother, Blanche, was first or german-cousin to the Northumberland in this play, HENRY Percy had been raised to that dignity by Richard at his coronation in 1377, but he was the first to join Bolingbroke at his landing from exile, and for this defection he was proclaimed a traitor, as noticed in the play. By treachery and false oaths he obtained possession of Richard's person, and gave him up to his ambitious cousin, who lodged his royal prisoner in the Tower of London, where he obtained from the hapless captive a resignation of the crown in his own favour. It was Northumberland who suggested in Parliament that the deposed king should be removed to a secret place of confinement, and in consequence he was sent first to Leeds Castle, co York, and thence to Pontefract. There are no remains of Leeds Castle, and but one small tower still exists of the once stately fortress at Pontefract, which is second only to the Tower of London for the number of royal and noble victims who have perished within its walls.

The history of the powerful "Percies of the North" belongs so much to the reign of Henry IV that the further consideration of the family will be deferred till the next play, wherein "young Harry Percy" is a leading character, but in this play he takes small part in the action, and is introduced by his father as if a stranger to Bolingbroke, though in reality Hotspur commanded his forces before Flint castle, a place which had been a gift from King Richard to Northumberland, who inveigled his royal benefactor within its walls.

Arms of Percy—Azure five fusils in fesse Or

LORD ROSS

This is the ancestor of the present premier baron of England, Lord de Ros, who enjoys the oldest existing barony in the House of Peers, created 49 Henry III, 1264, in favour of Robert de Ros, whose ancestors had been feudal lords of Hamlake, co Yoik, for many generations. One of them, Robert de Ros, was one of the TWENTY-FIVE BARONS of Magna Charta, and married Isabel, natural daughter of William the Lion, King of Scots, he assumed the cross, and is buried in the Temple Church, London, where his cross-legged effigy remains. His grandson, Robert de Ros, was summoned by writ, as above stated, he married Isabel, daughter of William de Albini, with whom he acquired Belvoir Castle, he died in 1285, leaving as successor his eldest son William, second baron, who in virtue of his descent from William the Lion, was one of the thirteen competitors for the crown of Scotland with Bruce and Baliol. His grandson, William de Ros, fourth baron, was one of the leaders at Cressy, he died in the Holy Land, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, who married Beatrice Stafford, eldest daughter of Ralph, Earl of Stafford, K G, by whom he had, with many other children, John, sixth baron, and WILLIAM DE ROS, who succeeded his brother as seventh Lord Ros, of Hamlake, and is the character in this play. He was summoned to Parliament from 1394 to 1413. Henry IV rewarded his services by appointing him Lord Treasurer of England, and a K G. He stood very high in that monarch's favour, and died at Belvoir in 1414. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Arundell, and his male line ended in his grandson Edmund de Ros, who died unmarried in 1508, when the barony fell into abeyance between his sisters, of whom the eldest, Eleanor de Ros, married Sir Robert Manners, and their son, Sir George Manners, became owner of Belvoir Castle, and Baron de Ros, and is ancestor of the dukes of Rutland. The barony again fell into abeyance in 1687, until it was determined in favour of Lady Charlotte Fitz-gerald, who took the name of de Ros, as descended through several heiresses from Francis Manners, sixth Earl of Rutland, and her son is the present Lord de Ros.

Arms of Lord de Ros—Gules three water-budgets Argent

GIOVLK In Pine's copy of Magna Charta the buckets are described *Or*

LORD WILLOUGHBY

This peer was WILLIAM DE WILLOUGHBY, fifth Baron Willoughby de Eresby, summoned to Parliament from 20 Richard II to 11 Henry IV, in which year, 1409, he died. He was made a K G by King Richard. His ancestor, a Norman knight, was rewarded by the Conqueror with the lordship of Willoughby, co Lincoln, and Sir Robert Willoughby was summoned to Parliament 7 Edward II, 1313, and his great-great-grandson is the noble in this play, who by his first wife, Lucy, daughter of Roger, Lord Strange, of Knockyn, had two sons, of whom Sir Thomas Willoughby of Parham, co Suffolk, second son, is ancestor of three extant noble houses, namely, the Barons Willoughby de Eresby, Willoughby de Broke, and Middleton (Willoughby), all of whom bear the same Arms and Crest.

Arms of Lord Willoughby, K G—Or fretty Azure. "Robert de Willoughby I saw bore gold fretty *Azure*." Siege of Carlavlock. NICHOLAS

LORD FITZWALTER

This person was WAITER FITZWALTER, fifth Baron FITZWALTER, who was summoned to Parliament from 1390 to 1404. He was descended from Robert Fitz-walter, the famous "Banner-bearer of the City of London," general of the barons confederated against King John, and styled by them "Marshal of the Army of God and the Church." The baron in this play, who died in 1407, married Joan, daughter of Sir John Devereux, K G, Baron Devereux, sister and heir of John, second Baron Devereux, by which alliance the baronies of Fitz-walter and Devereux were united in their descendants. The former of these baronies, after passing into the families of Ratcliffe and Mildmay, is now in abeyance between their descendants, of whom Sir William Brook Bridges, of Goodnes-ton, Baronet, M P, is one of the claimants to the barony of

1295, 23 Edward I.¹ The Lord Fitz-walter in this play was the first to throw down his gage of defiance to Aumerle in Westminster Hall, according to Holinshed, and as shewn in Act IV. Scene 1, where he says,—

“There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine”

Aims of Lord Fitz-walter — Or a fesse between two chevrons *Gules*

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

This loyal prelate was THOMAS MERK, or MERKE, who had been a Benedictine monk of Westminster, and was appointed to the see of Carlisle in 1397. He was much employed in secular matters both at home and abroad. His was the only dissentient voice raised in Parliament against the deposed Richard being sentenced to secret and close imprisonment, and he was deprived of his bishopric, and sent to the Tower for his attachment to his ill-fated master. Subsequently Thomas Merk was sent to Westminster to remain in custody of its abbot, for which the writ is dated June 23, 1400. This circumstance is alluded to in the play as taking place before the bishop's removal to the Tower, in Act IV. Scene 1, where Westmoreland says,—

“My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial”

Carlisle was afterwards released by Henry IV., and it is expressly stated in the writ for his enlargement, dated at Westminster, November 28, 1400 (RIMMER'S *Fadera*), that Thomas Merk, late Bishop of Carlisle, was pardoned on account of the excellence of his character². To this point also the poet alludes, Act V. Scene 6, where the new king explains the reason of his leniency to the bishop —

¹ Since the above was written, Sir W. B. Bridges has been raised to the Peerage, by the style of Baron Fitz-walter, of Woodham Walter, co. Essex, but his title will only date from the time of its creation, April 11th, 1868.

² “Pour ce qui regarde l'Evêque de Carlisle il fut aussi arrêté & condamné à mort, mais bien qu'en faveur de son caractère, le Roi lui eût accordé son pardon.”—LAFITTE.

"For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen"

According to Bishop Kennet, Henry IV bestowed upon Thomas Merk the vicarage of Sturminster-Marshall, co Dorset, whilst Ritson states that he was presented by the Convent of Westminster to the rectory of Todenham, co Gloucester, others again assert that he held both these livings HUTCHINS in his *Dorsetshire*, and Sir N HARRIS NICOLAS Thomas Merk died in 1409, he was named by King Richard as one of the executors to his will, and in that capacity had a legacy of "a gold cup of the value of twenty pounds" sterling

ABBOI OF WESTMINSTER

RITSON, and all other commentators call this ecclesiastic "William de Colchester," but the compiler of these notices is inclined to believe that the abbot who took part in the latter scenes of this play was his successor, RICHARD HAROUNDEN, or HARWLDIN The family of Harweden was seated at Harweden, or Harrowden, co N Hants, before the time of King John, and several of their members were "clerks" and rectors of Stoke-Brueie, in the county The family ended in an heiress, Joan Harweden, who married Sir Richard Knightley, of Fawsley and Plumpton (Sheriff of the county 15 Edward IV), the latter manor coming through the marriage of Joan's ancestor, William de Harweden, with Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Giles de St John, of Plumpton, M P for the shire, 5 Richard II BAKERS *N Hants, under Plumpton* DART, in his account of Westminster Abbey and its "Abbats," after speaking of William de Colchester, whose date of death he states is uncertain, continues, "RICHARD HAROUNDIN is next nam'd, of whom we know nothing certain, but during this interval of darkness I find the year before the deposition of Richard II the Abbat of *Westminster* attending Richard II into Ireland, and after his return appointed with others to go to him in the Tower, concerning his Resignation, and soon after, concern'd at his Usage, join'd with the Dukes of *Exeter*, *Surry*, and *Aumarle*, &c The Bishop of *Carlisle*, and princi-

pally the Abbat of *Westminster*, had an uncommon aversion to Henry IV, for that when the Earl of *Darby* he had declar'd the Clergy had too much, and the King too little, but I rather think out of a true loyalty to release their captiv'd sovereign, but the king discover'd and several executed The Abbat fled from his monastery, and dying of an apoplex, escap'd publick Execution This Harounden I take to be the Man whom the Monks secretly buried without Tomb or Inscription, nor do we know in what part of the church they laid him, probably for fear, but as I am not certain, I leave it doubtful' Dart names the successor of Harounden as George Placect, 1402, and states that Henry IV died in his time, and then tells us that this abbot was succeeded in 1414 by a William who lived to 1426 and was employed abroad by Henry V, especially at "the Known Council of Constance, 1414¹, and that he was followed as abbot by John Lastney, who died in 1438, when Edward Kinton became abbot

WIDMORE, in his account of Westminster Abbey, places the death of William de Colchester as late as October, 1420, or near the end of Henry the Fifth's reign, and states that Harounden succeeded, and resigned in 1440, thus making a difference of forty years between his statement and that of Dart, as to date.

NATH, in his history of the Abbey, follows Widmore on this point, but, with Dugdale, altogether overlooks the Abbot William to whom Dart does not assign any other name, and yet of whom he gives a precise history, and as he bears the same Christian name with the abbot, whom all the writers agree in calling the immediate predecessor of Harounden, it is possible that Dart is right, and that the other authors have mistaken the one Abbot William for the other SHAKSPLARI also must be regarded as an authority in this case, his version entirely agrees with that of Dart, and must have been derived from some old chronicler, most probably from Grafton, who says, "the Abbot of Westminster, in whose house this con-

¹ The mandate to proceed to the Council of Constance is addressed to William, Abbat of Westminster, and John, Prior of Worcester, it is dated

Nov 17, 1414 And "Willielmus, Abbas Westmonasteriensis," is a witness to a Writ of 2 Henry V, dated Nov 6, 1414 -- RYMER'S *Federa*

federacy was conspired, heeryng that the chiefteynes of his Felowship were taken and executed, he goyng betwene the monasteries and his mansion house for thought fell into a sodaine palsy, and shortly after without any speeche ended his lyfe," *Under 1 Henry IV Edition, 1569* Rapin expresses a similar opinion, "L'Abbé de Westminster s'étant aussi mis en fuite, fut saisi d'une frayeur si violente qu'il tomba dans une apoplexie dont il mourut" *Edition, 1724*

The abbot appears in the play as "the grand conspirator," and the plot to kill Bolingbroke was devised by him at a banquet in his own parlour, or refectory¹, to which he invites the discontented lords, *Act IV Scene 1*,—

"Come home with me to supper, I will lay
A plot shall show us all a meiry day"

The death of the abbot in the play justifies Dart's description of that event, Henry Percy tells the new king, *Act V Scene 6*,—

"The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave"

In *Scene 3*, Bolingbroke, after the pardon to Aumerle, declares,—

"But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels

They shall not live within this realm, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where"

In the drama, as in history, each of the plotters against Bolingbroke receives from him a heavy doom, for where their lives are spared, as in the case of Aumerle and Carlisle, they are degraded in rank, and it is hard to believe that this prince, liberal towards his friends, but so vindictive to enemies, would allow the arch-conspirator not only to escape the fate of his comrades if living, but moreover to hold

¹ This is the celebrated "Jerusalem Chamber," which had been built by the immediate predecessor of William de Cokerchester, Abbot Nicholas Litlington,

circa 1362, and which is one of the most interesting parts of the conventual buildings of Westminster Abbey

for so many years his high office as a mitred abbot, with whom the offended king would be constantly brought face to face. The writers who look upon William de Colchester as the abbot in "King Richard II," do not explain how he only escaped the fate of his friends, and was permitted to enjoy for fourteen years one of the most important preferments in the Church. It is evident that William de Colchester, of whom no one records a violent or sudden death, cannot be SHAKESPEARE'S "grand conspirator." It is unfortunate that the date is wanting on this abbot's tomb in Westminster Abbey, "conjectured to be his" from the "W de C," powdered on the pillow and mitre, "other inscription there is none." DARI. In a Writ of 1 Hen. V. dated Westminster, 14 Dec., 1413, the king gives 1000 marks yearly, during his pleasure, for the repair of the nave of Westminster Abbey, and for the quicker despatch of the business appoints Richard Whityngton and Richard Harweden, monks of the said abbey, to carry out the repairs. RYMERS *Liberia*. Who was this Harweden? Was he a different person from William de Colchester's successor, or was he that abbot, the abbot of the play, who had escaped the fate of so many noble adherents of Richard II., but had been deprived of his crozier, and degraded to the humble rank of a monk, and after a lapse of fifteen years employed, by the then more merciful sovereign in a work for which he may have been well fitted by skill in architecture?

LORD MARSHALL, and another Lord

As Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was also the Earl Marshall, it was necessary, on account of his intended combat with Bolingbroke, to appoint some one else for the time to fill that important office, and the person who really acted on the occasion, in the lists near Coventry, was the Duke of Surrey, whilst Aumerle was constable. The poet would seem to be aware of this arrangement, for the stage direction, in the folio of 1623, at the opening of the third scene, specifies,—"*Enter Marshall and Aumerle*," between whom the preparations have been made for the coming encounter, and Surrey is not introduced by name.

If it is required to find a name for "another lord" in the

stormy scene in Westminster Hall, Oct 29, 1399, where the peers fiercely dare each other to the combat, that of THOMAS MORLEY, fourth Lord Morley, 1381 to 1417, K G, would be most appropriate, as it was he who accused Surrey of double treason, "forty gauntlets, the pledges of furious battle, were thrown on the floor of the house by noblemen who gave mutual challenges, and 'liar', and 'traitor', resounded from all quarters" HUME SHAKSPEARE therefore has not overdrawn the language used in this scene of violent recrimination In some early editions the accusation by "another lord," and Aumerle's reply, are not in the text

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

This loyal person was not, as frequently supposed, the knight of the same name who was a brother of Archbishop Scroop, or Scrope, a character in the two next plays, but was the elder brother of King Richard's chief minister, William le Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who is often mentioned in this drama, though not brought upon the scene They were the only sons of Henry le Scrope first Baron Scrope of Masham, summoned 16 Edward III, 1342, who died in 1391, and was succeeded as second baron by his eldest son, the Sir STEPHEN SCROPE in this play, who had been a distinguished soldier from his youth, serving in France and Flanders He was strongly attached to King Richard's interests, and we have a valuable testimony to his loyalty in the words of Creton, the historian, who was present with Richard at Flint Castle,— "Moreover there was another good friend, whom I heard called Sir Stephen Scroope, I saw him frequently with the king at that time" This knight was taken into favour by Henry IV, who appointed him for his martial experience Deputy Lieutenant of Ireland, under his young son, Prince Thomas of Lancaster Sir Stephen Scrope defeated the Irish on several occasions, and died Feb 10, 1408, at Tristeldermot, where the Irish parliaments were sometimes held. By his wife, Margaret widow of John, son of Sir William de Huntingfield, he had four sons, of whom the eldest, Henry le Scrope, is the "Lord Scroop" in "King Henry V" Some authors state that Sir John Fastolfe married the widow of this

Sir Stephen Scrope, mistaking her for the widow of Sir Stephen Scrope of the Bolton branch, whose wife was Milicent Tiptoft

Arms of Sir Stephen Scrope, Lord Scrope of Masham — Azure a bend Or, in chief a file of three points Argent

SIR PIERCE of LXTON

Holinshed says,—“King Henry, sitting on a day at his table, sore sighing, said, ‘Have I no faithful friend which will deliver me of him whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my life?’” SHAKESPEARE therefore adopts the version of Richard’s death, that he was killed at Pontefract Castle by Sir Piers Lxtton and his guards. This opinion was held by Tabyan, Hall, Hayward, Le Laboureur, Cartier, and other writers. Some authors, as Hardyng, Fortescue, Polydore Vergil, and Stow, think that Richard was starved to death by his keepers, Hume inclines to this belief, “as more consistent with the story that his body was exposed in public, and that no marks of violence were found upon it.” In the cartel of defiance sent by the Percies to Henry IV and repeated by Archbishop Scrope, one of the reasons of their being in arms against him is set forth, that “he caused King Richard to remain in hunger, and thirst, and cold, for fifteen days and nights.” Walsingham, Otterbourne, the continuator of the Croyland Chronicle, and Gower the poet, who knew King Richard, suggest that he died of grief and voluntary abstinence. This opinion was held by Mr Amyot and the late Lord Dover (Agar Ellis). In later time Mr P Fraser Tytler revived the story of Fordun and Winton, that Richard had escaped from Pontefract to Scotland, and that he was honourably entertained by Robert III (who died in 1406), and afterwards by the Regent Albany Fordun, under the year 1419, says, ‘In this year died Richard, King of England, on the Feast of St Luke, in the castle of Stirling.’ This rumour had been set afloat by Maud, Countess of Oxford, mother of Richard’s great favourite, Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland. Creton, the poet and historian, addressed, in 1405, an epistle in verse to his beloved master, who was therefore in his opinion still alive, it is headed, “Ainsi come vraye amour requiert a tres noble prince et

vraye Catholique Richart d'Engleterre, je, Creton, ton liege serviteur, te renvoye ceste epitre" Henry IV executed several persons who avowed their belief that Richard had escaped, among them was his cousin, Sir Roger de Clarendon, Knight, a natural son of the Black Prince, who would take a lively interest in the fate of his royal half-brother

The rumour of Richard's escape excited so much attention that Creton, the poet, to whose valuable *Metrical History of the Deposition of Richard the Second* we are so much indebted, was sent by Charles VI of France into Scotland, to ascertain the fate of his son-in-law, and it was not until Creton's return that Richard's widow, Isabel, was allowed to marry again. The extraordinary resemblance between Richard and his chaplain and devoted follower, Maudelain, gave rise to many strange rumours, and it was even asserted that the latter suffered death instead of his royal master, and that it was his corpse which was shown in public as the king's person.

Sir Nicholas Exton, Sheriff of London with Sir John Frenche (afterwards mayor in 1395), when Sir Nicholas Brembre was mayor, 1385, was a violent opponent in Parliament to Richard II, whose favourite, Brembre he succeeded as mayor in 1386—7. It is probable that Nicholas and Piers Exton were near relations.

Arms of Nicholas Exton, Mayor of London—Gules a cross between twelve cross-crosets fitchee Or.

CAPTAIN of a Band of Welshmen

- King Richard sent the Earl of Salisbury to excite the Welch against Bolingbroke, he raised 40,000 men, who remained a fortnight in the field, but then disbanded on hearing a report that the king was dead. CRETON. See also Act II Scene 4.

It will not be out of place here to remark, that the renowned Glendower of the next play, who is alluded to in this, Act III Scene 1, was actually in attendance on Richard as his "beloved esquire and minstrel," he must have escaped capture at Flint, since he headed a band of his countrymen, with whom he harassed the rear of Bolingbroke's forces, as

far as Coventry, when he carried off his illustrious prisoner to London

The name of the herald who accompanied Bolingbroke, and summoned Richard at Flint, has been preserved, he is called, "Richard del Brugge, Lancaster King at Arms del North"

QUEEN to KING RICHARD

Anne of Bohemia, the first and long-mourned-for consort of Richard II, died in 1394, some years before the action of this play begins, the present queen, therefore, is his child-wife, ISABEL of FRANCE, who according to most historians was said to be only twelve years old at the date of his deposition. Richard had married her thus early viz on All Saints' Day, 1396, hoping that his grief would be assuaged by the time she grew up. SHAKESPEARE makes her to speak and act like an adult, yet Froissart, who was present at her marriage, relates of her,—“for all that she was but young, right pleasantly she bare the part of a queen.” It would appear that Isabel was older than is generally supposed, for in the treaty of her intended marriage, attested by her four uncles, the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon, dated March 9, 1395, she is therein thus described,—“venue a l'age de douze ans accompliz”, which would make her to be more than sixteen at King Richard's surrender of his crown. RYMLER'S *Fadera*. ISABEL of VALOIS was the eldest daughter of Charles VI, and was crowned Queen of England, January 7, 1397. After the death of Richard, Henry IV endeavoured to obtain her hand for his son, the Prince of Wales, but her family declined the alliance, and she became in 1408 the wife of her cousin, Charles D'Angoulême, afterwards Duke of Orleans, she died Sept. 13, 1410, soon after giving birth to a daughter, Joan, who married John II, Duke of Alençon, son of the prince who was slain at Agincourt, after his encounter with Henry the Fifth.

DUCHESS of YORK

*This lady was not the mother of "Aumerle," as evidently

supposed to be by the poet, the first wife of Edmund of *Langley* having died in 1394, consequently the "Duchess of York," at the time of the action in this play, was his second wife, Joan Holland, third daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, the son of Joan, the "Fair Maid of Kent," by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland, K G This duchess, surviving her husband, by whom she had no issue, married secondly the "Lord Willoughby" in this play, his second wife, thirdly Henry, the "Lord Scroop" in *King Henry V*, and fourthly Sir Henry Bromflete, Lord de Vescy, whose daughter, Margaret Bromflete, married the "Young Clifford" in the *Third Part of King Henry VI*

DUCHLESS of GLOUCESTER

This lady, the widow of Thomas of *Woodstock*, seventh and youngest son of Edward the Third, was the greatest co-heiress in England, ELIZABETH DE BOHUN, eldest daughter of Humphrey, the last Earl of Hereford Her husband, the Duke of Gloucester, took the lead in opposition to Richard's favourite, Robert de Vere, and the king, in revenge for losing de Vere, caused his uncle Gloucester to be seized, and secretly conveyed to Calais, where he was smothered by the squires and yeomen of the Dukes of Aumerle and Norfolk, Oct 8, 1397 The contrivers and actors of this foul deed all came to violent deaths By Eleanor de Bohun the Duke of Gloucester had one son and three daughters, the former died unmarried in 1339, of the latter one became a nun, another died unmarried, the eldest, ANN PLANTAGENET, married EDMUND STAFFORD, fifth Earl of Stafford, K G (who was slain at Shrewsbury), and their son, Humphrey Stafford, was created "Duke of Buckingham," under which title he is a character in the *Second Part of King Henry VI* The death of the Duchess of Gloucester, which occurred Oct 3, 1399, is supposed in the play to have taken place at the castle of her late husband, at Pleshey, in Essex In Act II Scene 2, the Duke of York directs a servant,—

"Get thee to Plashy, to my Sister Gloster"

At this place, which is mid-way between Chelmsford and Dunmow, the keep still exists of the noble castle built soon

after the Conquest, which was the residence of the lord high constables of England, but not a vestige remains of Pleshey College, which was founded by Thomas of *Woodstock*, the site of which is pointed out by the name of "College Field" The duchess, in reality, died in Barking Abbey, whither she had retired after the murder of her husband She was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a very fine monumental brass to her memory

LADY attending on the QUEEN

The chief lady attached to the young queen's household was the "Lady of Coucy," Mury, daughter of the Princess Isabel, daughter of Edward III, who married Ingelram de Coucy, created Earl of Bedford, K G After the Lady of Coucy was dismissed in disgrace, King Richard placed his young wife in the care of his niece, Eleanor Holland, widow of Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, and she accompanied Queen Isabel on her return to France

Some persons are mentioned in the play who merit a brief notice, although they are not brought on the scene A passage occurs in Act II Scene 1, which has given rise to much speculation, and the usual editions have an insertion by Malone, to fill up a supposed "dropped" line But the text must be dealt with as it comes to us,—

"I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry, Duke of Hereford Runold, Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Lipingham, Sir John Runston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quount,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships," &c

¹ The following is the line inserted in this place by Malone

"The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel,"

the archbishop's brother, Richard Fitz alun, tenth Earl of Arundel, K G, one

of the chief opponents of King Richard's favourites, was beheaded in 1397, 'the son,' Thomas, eleventh earl, is the character in the *Second Part of King Henry IV*, under the title of "Earl of Surrey"

the difficulty in this passage is to know what person is intended by "his brother," the line preceding seems hardly required for the sense, for there was no relationship between the primate and the Duke of Exeter, but "his brother" may refer to the affinity between Reginald, Lord Cobham, and the archbishop, THOMAS ARUNDEL, otherwise Fitz-alan, whose brother, Sir John Arundel, Marshal of England, had left a widow, who was now the wife of Reginald Cobham, who was thus in some sort "brother" to the archbishop, authors not being always precise in defining the degrees of relationship, of which instances occur in these plays. The poet may have read in some of the old chroniclers that John, Lord Cobham, had been sent to the Tower in 1398, by Richard II, he was much associated with John of Gaunt and Archbishop Arundel, he was however only a cousin by the half-blood to Reginald Cobham. The "Duke of Exeter," at this time, John Holland brother-in-law of Bolingbroke, was not Constable of the Tower, but that post was held by his son, John Holland, in the reign of Henry V, and he became afterwards Duke of Exeter. The association of the names of Exeter and Cobham with the Tower may explain the poet's meaning in the line, although a misconception,—

"That lute broke from the Duke of Exeter"

The arms of Reginald, Lord Cobham of Sterborough, whose family will be noticed hereafter, were *Gules* on a chevron (*O*) three estoiles *Sable*.

ARCHBISHOP ARUNDEL, banished by Richard II, returned with Bolingbroke from abroad, and crowned him at Westminster, Oct 13, 1399.

SIR THOMAS LRPINGHAM, afterwards a K G, is a character in *King Henry V*, he took an active part against King Richard, and was one of the deputation to the Tower to demand his resignation. He bore for *Arms, Vert* an in-escutcheon within an orle of eight martlets *Sable*.

"Sir John Ramston," whose Christian name should be Thomas, was appointed Warden of the Tower of London when Richard was confined there, he afterwards became constable of that fortress, a K G, and admiral of the fleet, he was drowned in the Thames in his progress to the Tower.

SIR THOMAS RAMSTON, K G, bore for *Arms*, *Gules* three rams' heads *Argent*

SIR JOHN NORBURY, at the accession of Henry IV, was appointed Governor of Guisnes, and Treasurer of the Exchequer. The family were seated at Stoke D'Abernon, co Surrey, and ended in an heiress, Anne Norbury, who married Sir Richard Halighwell¹

Arms of Norbury — *Sabl* a chevron charged with a fleur-de-lis between three bulls' heads affronté *Argent*

SIR ROBERT WATERTON was Master of the Horse to Henry IV, Sheriff, co Lincoln, 12 Henry IV, and was second in command to the Earl of Westmorland against the Percies. The Watertons stood high in the favour of Henry IV and V, and members of the family frequently filled the office of sheriff in several counties. John Waterton served at Agincourt with "7 lances" and was Master of the King's Horse. The descendants of Sir Robert Waterton are now seated at Walton Hall co York.

Arms of Waterton — Barry of six *Lime* and *Gules* three crescents *Sabl*

It is possible that the last name on the list of Bolingbroke's companions, in some editions written "Çoint," as Holinshed calls him, should be Francis Point, the family of Pointz, or Points, is one of great antiquity, as will be noticed in the next play under "Points."

The DUKE OF BRIENNE, who befriended Bolingbroke, was JOHN DE MONFORT, whose widow, Joan of Navarre, became the second wife of Henry IV.

The "Lord Beaumont," mentioned as one of Bolingbroke's adherents, Act II Scene 2, was HENRY BEAUMONT, fifth Baron Beaumont, great-grandson of John, second baron who married Eleanor Plantagenet (of Lancaster), great-granddaughter of Henry III. The fifth baron succeeded his father, John, fourth baron, who was Constable of Dover Castle, and

¹ Jane, daughter and heir of Richard Halighwell and Anne Norbury, married Edmund Bray, first Lord Bray, and their daughter, Dorothy Bray, married Edmund Brydges, second Lord Chan-

dos K G., and their granddaughter, Catherine Brydges, by her marriage with Francis Russell, fourth Earl of Bedford was mother of William, first Duke of Bedford.

a K G in 1396, and died in 1413, he is ancestor of the present Lord Beaumont, Henry Stapleton, 1865

Arms of Beaumont—France ancient, a lion rampant Or

The "Lord Seymour" is named as being with the Duke of York in Berkeley Castle, this noble was RICHARD de St MAUR, fifth baron of that surname, summoned to Parliament from 1380 to 1400. He might properly be introduced on the stage in the representation of the play, his *Arms* were, *Argent* two chevrons *Gules*, a file of three points *Azure*

The "Blount" alluded to in the company of Bolingbroke's opponents was Sir THOMAS BLOUNT, whose execution at Cirencester was attended by circumstances of great barbarity, and he was cruelly taunted by Sir Thomas Erpingham in the midst of his torments, which he endured with great heroism. He was one of the persons present at the Abbot of Westminster's supper. At the coronation of Richard the Second, July 16, 1377, Sir Thomas Blount (as deputy for the Countess of Pembroke) held the nupkin for the king when he washed his hands before the banquet. A Sir John Blunt was "Custos of the City of London," in place of Mayor, from 1301 to 1307 inclusive. STOW

It is worthy of notice that the bulitt of Cirencester, Thomas Cousyn had an annual grant of 100 marks out of the Exchequer for his service in defeating "the rebels" against Bolingbroke.

The names of two of King Richard's adherents, who suffered for their loyalty, deserve to be mentioned, Lord Fitzwalter tells Bolingbroke in the last scene,—

"My lord I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seck."

The former of these was Sir BERNARD BROCAS, son of Sir Bernard Brocas, chamberlain to King Richard's first queen, and Master of the Buck-hounds, an office which he obtained by marriage with Mary, daughter and heir of Sir John de Roche, and their son, Sir Bernard, succeeded to the office, which became hereditary in the family of Brocas until the reign of James the First. There is a fine raised-tomb to the memory of the elder Sir Bernard Brocas, who died in 1396, in Westminster Abbey, with this inscription —